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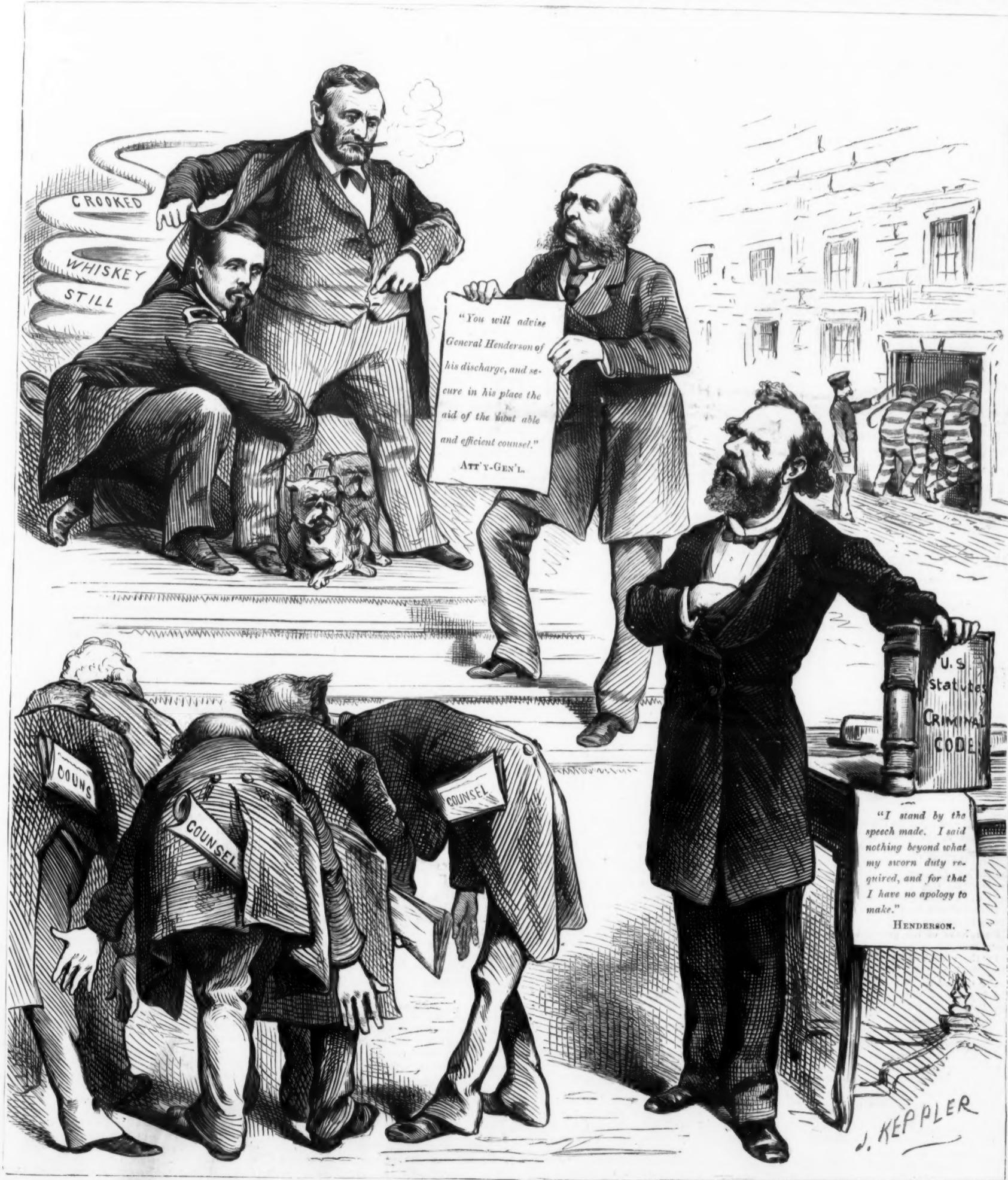


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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

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THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

THE dominant party in the new House of Representatives has made a good beginning. In so saying we do not refer simply to the excellent choice it has made in the selection of the Hon. Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, as its official and representative leader in the Speaker's Chair, but also to the general spirit and temper of which that selection is the exponent. Mr. Kerr is everywhere known and recognized as embodying in his person a goodly share of those elements which are most needed for the purification and elevation of American politics at the present day, combining as he does an unspotted personal character and a high degree of intelligence with sound convictions of public duty in respect of the most important questions now at issue before the country. His election is rendered the more significant, as a moral and political victory, by some of the antagonisms which it provoked in the ranks of his own party, and in the ranks of the Republicans. That the organs of the latter should have thrown the weight of their influence against the choice of such a candidate by their Democratic rivals only serves to show in a clear light the national proportions of that political demoralization which in New York resists the efforts of Governor Tilden to furnish a wholesome reform of the political situation in this State.

In the speech with which Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, prefaced the action of the Democratic caucus, he may be said to have struck the keynote of the high argument to which the Democratic majority is expected to rise in order to meet the just demands of the people in this crisis of our civil history. In so clearly placing before his hearers, and before the country, a calm statement of the great opportunities and the solemn responsibilities of his political friends, the Speaker seems to have been restrained by no misgiving that they would prove unequal to the former or false to the latter. And that we may rightly gauge the draft which he was emboldened to make on the patriotism and intelligence of his political coadjutors, let us briefly recapitulate some of the tasks imposed on the present House of Representatives by this eloquent expositor of Democratic principles.

Prominent among these tasks he cites the

following: A restoration of the co-ordinate branches of the Government to their just equipoise under the Constitution, and to their legitimate responsibility to the will of the people as represented in the popular branch of Congress; a reform in the civil service of the country, now reeking with corruption; a revision of our revenue system, alike in its methods of collection and its modes of disbursement; a reduction in the expenses of the present Administration; a forward movement towards the restoration of specie payments, and the speediest possible release of the country from the manifold evils, moral, social, political and financial, entailed by the irredeemable currency which the Republican Party has fastened on the American people; reinstatement of the era of "constitutional politics" against the aggressions of a hot-headed majority which has hitherto paid but slight heed to the limitations of the national charter in pursuit of partisan ends; the protection of every section and of every State of the Union, as "of every human being, without respect of race, color or condition," in the rights guaranteed by the Constitution; and finally, as the fitting crown and complement of this centennial year in our history, a restoration, not indeed of "sentimental polities," but of that sincere and genuine sentiment of patriotism which shall once more fuse the people of the North and of the South into "a generous and loving brotherhood."

These are, indeed, high aims and noble aspirations, but nobody will deny that they express the most exigent wants and the most importunate demands of good and honest men throughout the whole United States, without distinction of party. The existence of these wants is a standing reproach to the party in power, for it is by Republican misrule that a sense of these wants has been engendered, and it is by the persistency with which the Republicans have adhered to acknowledged abuses that the popular clamor for these needed reforms has grown so importunate.

As if to give point and poignancy to the programme of the Democratic opposition in the House of Representatives, President Grant in his annual message to Congress is compelled to confess that in the use of the irredeemable currency, created and fostered by his party, the United States have been converted into "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for other nations with whom we have dealings, and this for the simple reason that other nations have been wiser than we in their "legislation on the subject of finance." In another place he recommends a repeal of so much of the Legal-tender Act of 1862 as makes Treasury-notes receivable for debts contracted after a given date, to be fixed by new legislation, "say, not later than the 1st of January, 1877." In thus proposing to expedite the passage of the country to specie payments he pronounces the severest sentence of condemnation upon that policy of his administration by which, only a few years ago, he undertook to coerce the Supreme Court into the adoption of a decision which would indefinitely prolong the reign of paper money. The abuses of our existing revenue system are frankly confessed by the President in the recommendation that Congress should restore the duty on tea and coffee, because, with the increased revenues derived from this source, "many duties now collected, and which give but an insignificant return for the cost of collection, might be remitted, and to the direct advantage of consumers at home." Elsewhere in his message he concedes the extravagance of his own administration by recommending to the present Congress that "a reduction of expenditures be made whenever it can be done without impairing Government obligations or crippling the due execution thereof."

But it still remains for us to vindicate the part of the President's message which contains the least candid but for that reason the most significant concession made by him to the strength and justice of the Democratic indictment against the Republican Party. It is that part of his message in which he seeks to divert popular attention from the existing abuses, such as we have named, to the consideration of hypothetical dangers besetting the perpetuity and prosperity of the public schools established in most of our States. Drawing his inspirations principally from the New England Primer, which declares that "In Adam's fall we sinned all," the President introduces this extraordinary specimen of sublapsarian politics with the profound theological dictum that "from the fall of Adam, for his transgression, to the present day, no nation has ever been free from threatened danger to its prosperity and happiness." The remark would have been equally just, and much more pertinent, if the President had said that from the fall of Adam down to the present year of grace no nation has ever been free from the dangerous arts of politicians who row one way and look in another. If the entire propriety of all the President's suggestions under this head be fully conceded, it still remains to say that the vehemence with which they are urged in the fore-front and in the closing words of his message is simply preposterous.

Everybody sees that our public school system is not in any peril like that which menaces constitutional liberty, the purity of our civil service, the integrity of our financial administration, and the honest collection of our public revenues. To raise a false cry under such circumstances is an attempt to mislead the

people in respect to the duties which lie most immediately before them, and is to add the arts of demagogism to the crimes of maladministration.

THE GRANT-HENDERSON DIFFICULTY.

AS he nears the close of his second term of office, President Grant seems to be moving steadily into an increasing sea of trouble. The Fates apparently stand in his way. Hitherto he has been singularly successful in extricating himself from difficulties which seemed to leave him no way of escape. His old good fortune has to all appearance deserted him; and at a time when his strength ought to have been equal to his ambition, he is weaker than he has ever been since called to the highest office in the State.

What is the reason? Is it that President Grant is spoiled by success? It is in the nature of success to make even strong men cautious. The continued use of power, even if a delegated power, is liable to lead a man to over-estimate his individual influence. The pages of history unhappily are strewed with examples of men who from this cause have made shipwreck of fame and fortune. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.

The President has of late made some serious blunders. He has revealed no lack of ambition; but he has shown himself to be wanting in some of the higher and more essential qualities of true statesmanship. In the selection of his subordinates he has made some glaring mistakes; and, admitting that the selections have been made in good faith, and from the best of motives, his confidence has been badly rewarded. His chosen henchmen have by their disgraceful conduct reflected on his wisdom or his motives; and while they have brought disgrace on the Administration generally, they have stained the reputation of their chief. This, however, is not all. He has not only made mistakes in the selection of his subordinates; he has done what is equally unpardonable—he has spoken unadvisedly with his lips. The Des Moines speech was one of the biggest blunders of his whole official career. The blunder was repeated in a more offensive form in his message. How a man like President Grant, renowned the wide world over for his caution and his taciturnity, could have so committed himself as he did first at Des Moines and later in his message, it naturally enough puzzles the world to understand.

As his troubles increase his apparent madness becomes more conspicuous. His conduct throughout this entire Whisky Ring business has been simply inexplicable. He has called for justice on the offenders; "Let no guilty man escape"; and when the progress of the exposures show that the prosecution is in competent hands, he interferes with the course of justice, and because of some imaginary insult, orders the dismissal of the principal counsel for the Government. It is no doubt well that in striving to bring the guilty to punishment, care should be taken that "no innocent man should be implicated." But the anxiety which the President has evinced in the case of General Babcock lends encouragement to the opinion that, concerned as he may be for the welfare of the nation and the administration of justice, he is more concerned still about the protection and welfare of his friends. In removing Mr. Henderson from office President Grant has committed the blunder of his life. It puts all his previous mistakes completely into the shade. Errors of judgment are pardonable; but unless we are prepared to have Cæsarism fully inaugurated in the midst of us, unless we are willing to place our liberties in the hands of another Napoleon or another Cromwell, President Grant must not be allowed to violently interfere with the proper course of law. His removal of Mr. Henderson was as foolish as it was wrong. It has even created a suspicion in many minds that corruption sits in the highest seat in the land.

Mr. Henderson is a man of high character. There is no more respectable name in America on the further side of the Alleghanies. He has been United States Senator; and he enjoys the reputation of being one of the foremost lawyers in his own section of the country. His success in these prosecutions has been quite equal to the zeal and ability which he has shown in the discharge of his duty. It may be that the language he used respecting the President and the White House was not sufficiently guarded. The public, however, will think less of this than of the fact that Henderson was removed when the President's own private secretary was in danger. These prosecutions must go on; and whatever the revelations, whoever should be implicated, it will not be well for the President further to interfere. If his own hands are clean he can afford to be indifferent to the fate of wicked and ungrateful subordinates.

ABSURD CHARGES.

IN the *Chimney Corner*, a periodical which emanates from the same establishment with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY and other popular publications, and which has deservedly become a great favorite as a household journal over the length and breadth of the land, there have been appearing, for some time past, sketches of "Self-made Men."

These sketches have been accompanied with tastefully executed portraits of the individuals immediately under review. Already there have appeared of these sketches and portraits over six hundred; and the selection has included men of mark in every field of activity and enterprise—merchants, manufacturers, inventors, traders, professional men, founders of institutions and founders of States and cities. It is unnecessary to say that this feature has contributed largely to the immense and rapidly increasing popularity of the *Chimney Corner*. Popularity, however, has been less aimed at than utility. The object has been to make the paper a vehicle of useful information, to furnish the family with entertaining, wholesome and profitable reading, and to stimulate the ambition of the young by presenting the portraits and life-careers of men who have made fortunes or won distinction by integrity of character, perseverance and honest industry.

There have also appeared from time to time in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly* portraits and brief sketches of pupils, boys particularly, who have given promise of future greatness by the success which they have achieved in the different stages of their educational careers. The object in these portraits, as in those of "Self-made Men" in the *Chimney Corner*, is the same. The intention is to stimulate laudable ambition, to point out the pathway of possible success, and to produce in the youthful mind the conviction that what has been achieved by others in similar circumstances is within the reach of most, if not of all. The object is surely legitimate. It seems praiseworthy; and it is source of some pride to be able to say that these features of the *Chimney Corner* and the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly* have received the hearty commendation of some of the best people in the land—men and women who have at heart the true welfare of the rising generation. The success of these journals is perhaps the best proof of their nobility of purpose.

Success, however, is always of itself sufficient to provoke envy and jealousy; and wherever these exist there is neither the eye to perceive nor the heart to acknowledge true merit outside of self, or self-interest. It is not surprising that the *Chimney Corner* should have been made the object of somewhat bitter attack. Our attention has been called to an article on "Self-made Men," in an obscure Western journal. The article has no merit, unless there is merit in vulgarity and untruthfulness. We can excuse the writer for his hatred of "Self-made men." "Self-made men!" he says; "the very term is an outrage on society and entirely a misnomer." The writer, of course, is perfectly entitled to his own opinion. On this score we have no quarrel with him. But when he proceeds to prejudice the public mind, by making false charges against this establishment, we feel that we ought to have something to say. "Any fool," he tells us, "who possesses the requisite means can get a photograph of his numskull stuck into the *Chimney Corner*, and have a flaming *autobiography* (sic) written for him, by the payment of a few hundred dollars." This charge is as mean and base as it is unfounded. We have only to say that no such payment has ever been asked or received; nor are we aware that it has ever been offered. The gentlemen employed to obtain the portraits and material for sketches are paid by us; and they are forbidden to ask or receive other remuneration on pain of dismissal from our establishment. As a proof of our watchfulness in this matter, we may mention that quite recently a charge of this kind was made against one of our employees. He was immediately suspended. A thorough investigation was made; the charge was found to be utterly groundless, and he was at once restored to his position. This, we think, ought to be regarded as sufficient answer to the above calumnious charge.

The publication of juvenile portraits, to which allusion has already been made, has been somewhat venomously attacked by a pretentious English monthly. In the November number of the *Contemporary Review*, in an article which is signed by the publisher himself, there are some offensive and uncalled for remarks on American periodical literature. "We should be sorry," says the writer, "to see English editors adopt the tricks common in America—such as publishing photographs and memoirs of little boys at school who win prizes, thus puffing the schools, and turning a penny in that line, as well as doing something to spoil the poor boys. We are not aware that they have got so far as publishing the photographs of schoolgirls." It is, perhaps, sufficient answer to this to inform the reader that since the publication of the *Boys' and Girls' Weekly*, and other successful newspapers for the young, Mr. Strahan has found his American trade seriously interfered with. The market is otherwise supplied, but less to his advantage. *Hinc illa lachryma.*

It has not been our custom in the past to take notice of invidious remarks made regarding our publications in the columns of our contemporaries. Conscious of the right, desirous to meet the varied requirements of the reading public by giving them a literature reflective of the life and character of the times—a literature at once lively and attractive, and, although not ostentatiously pious, or of the "goody-goody" sort, yet always on the side of morality and religion, and contented with our success, we have been heedless of the insinua-

tions of envious rivals and of the carping criticisms of disappointed scribblers. If on the present occasion we have departed from our usual custom, it is rather because we felt that an explanation was due more to the public than that we had any need to defend ourselves.

OSTRICH-FARMING.

THE poetical description of the ostrich, the largest of present birds, which is given in the thirty-ninth chapter of Job, does not omit to mention its "wings and feathers." It is for these that it has been chiefly hunted, from the most ancient times: although its brains were served as food on the tables of the old Romans, and its eggs, notwithstanding a strong, disagreeable flavor, are relished by the Bushmen of Africa, while the flesh of the young bird is said to be palatable, resembling that of a tough turkey.

Hunting the wild ostrich is not the easiest pastime imaginable. Inhabiting the dry, sandy plains of Africa, from the Barbary States, and Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, its hearing and sight are very acute, and the length of the neck and high position of the eye enable it to perceive any approaching object. It is very shy, and, in spite of its proverbial stupidity, it knows enough to attempt to escape either by a quick stately walk or a rapid run. When terrified its stride is from 11½ to 14 feet, and taking 12 feet as the average stride, it can readily exceed twenty-five miles an hour. The Bushman clothes himself in an ostrich-skin, and under cover of this gets near enough to kill his victim with a poisoned arrow. When hotly pursued, ostriches sometimes turn upon their enemies, giving severe wounds with their feet. The blow from the leg of the ostrich has been computed to be fully equal to the force developed by the kick of a colt seven months old. But whatever the exact force produced, it is very severe, sufficiently so to break a man's leg. The hunters seek the ostrich for the long white feathers of its wing and tail, the best being considered those taken from the males and the living bird. The finest ostrich-feathers come from the Levant, and the North and West Coasts of Africa. The wholesale price of good feathers in South Africa is two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars a pound, and the annual produce of a young bird reaches the value of forty dollars. A full grown pair of ostriches is worth \$700 to \$800, and a young bird, six months old, fetches from \$150 to \$200. Latterly ostrich-feathers have become more and more scarce, and consequently more valuable.

Within the last seven or eight years, an industry has sprung up at the Cape of Good Hope, which, on account of its novelty, and the important results it produces, is deemed worthy of a long and elaborate description in a late number of *Chambers's Journal*. It is that of keeping ostriches in a state of semi-domestication for the sake of their feathers. From the Cape, the business of ostrich-farming has been introduced into South America, where it is carried on with more or less success. It has also been recently introduced into California.

Like many other important undertakings, ostrich-farming, if not actually the result of an accidental discovery, at least received a great impetus from an apparently trifling circumstance. A few years ago one of the native traders in ostrich-feathers and eggs, having more eggs than he could conveniently carry, left four or five of them in a cupboard adjoining a bakehouse in some Algerian village; on his return, about two months afterwards, he was surprised to find the broken shells of his ostrich-eggs, and a corresponding number of young ostrich-chicks. The birds were, of course, dead, from want of attention; but the fact was undeniable that the fresh eggs of two months ago had, under the influence of the high temperature, actually produced fully developed chickens. This circumstance came to the knowledge of an officer of the French Army, M. Crépu, who immediately perceived the practical results that might ensue from a careful following up of the hint thus strangely given. He set to work to devise "artificial incubators," for the purpose of hatching ostrich-eggs, while at the same time he procured some pairs of adult birds, with a view to rearing them in a state of semi-domestication. It is needless here to enter into particulars of the difficulties M. Crépu had to encounter. Suffice it to say that, after many disappointments, he had the satisfaction of finding a live ostrich-chick actually hatched in his apparatus; and thus his assiduous efforts were crowned with triumph. About fifty-three or fifty-four days is the full term of incubation, which may be slightly accelerated or retarded by a trifling change in the heat to which the eggs are subjected, although the smallest excess or want of heat beyond a certain range is fatal. But to such perfection have artificial incubators now been brought, that the whole "sitting" of eggs may be hatched with more certainty than if left to the natural care of the parents. Observations first made in Algeria have been turned to practical account at the Cape, and a very perfect system of ostrich-farming has been established there. Different practices prevail at different establishments. The birds are occasionally allowed to sit; but the success which has attended the use of artificial contrivances is so great, that fewer losses occur by this means than under

natural circumstances, and the use of incubators is becoming very general. The chicks produced are so healthy as to show that they do not suffer from this mode of treatment.

The general arrangement of ostrich-farms is very similar in all cases. The *desiderata* are plenty of space, suitable soil—that is, sand and pasture, with facilities for growing the proper food—conveniences for shelter and water. A well-conducted "farm" would require, perhaps, three thousand pounds (or \$15,000) capital to begin in a small way. The industry at the Cape is barely eight years old, and much as to be learned by a beginner. Loss and disappointment are frequently experienced at first; but the occupation is considered a very profitable one, and is certainly healthy and agreeable; yet nowhere are patience, sagacity and perseverance more necessary than in the conduct of a good ostrich-farm.

As ostrich-feathers are picked, they are sorted according to their quality and purity. The pure whites from the wings are called "bloods"; the next quality, "prime whites"; "firsts," "seconds," and so on. The tail-feathers are not so valuable, and the more irregular the markings of the colored varieties the less valuable are they. The quality of the feathers produced by tame ostriches is fully equal to the best collected from "wild" birds, while the general average is much higher. Notwithstanding the increasing yield, prices are rising, instead of falling. Indeed, good ostrich-feathers are now thrice as dear as they were fifteen years ago. But it is more than probable that as the production increases the price will eventually fall. Even with reduced prices, the profits would be sufficiently large to render ostrich-farming a profitable undertaking, and as each year will increase the experience of breeders, the difficulties will be gradually diminished, and losses more easily avoided. As it is, this strange industry—the domestication of the wild birds of the desert once regarded as types of liberty and intractability—is at the same time one of the most interesting and most profitable of the African trader.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK
ENDING DECEMBER 11, 1875.

Monday.....114½ @ 114½ Thursday.....114½ @ 114½
Tuesday.....114½ @ 114½ Friday.....114½ @ 114½
Wednesday.....114½ @ 114½ Saturday.....114½ @ 114½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"BIG SIX" TWEED is still "the biggest thing out."

THE NEW TEXAS CONSTITUTION is to be submitted to the popular vote on the third Tuesday in February next.

"IN ABSCONDE" is the novel but inelegant phrase applied by the fastidious editor of the New York *Times* to the flight of a defaulting clerk.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.—The municipality of Paris has voted a subscription of two thousand dollars to the fund for the Centennial Statue of Liberty in the harbor of New York.

"THE NATIONAL GREENBACK PARTY" has called a National Convention at Indianapolis on May 17th, 1876, when candidates for President and Vice-President will be nominated.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, by proclamation in the *Official Gazette*, is summoned to meet on the 8th day of February, 1876, "for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs."

LADIES' DRESSES, it is suggested, may be made of the newly discovered, unbreakable and elastic glass. "Peeping Tom" is curious to know whether the glass will be stained or transparent.

ARSENIC is used for improving the complexion by some American belles; but why they should wear striped stockings which contain it, and which have lately caused in Chicago several cases of poisoning, we cannot understand.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE will meet on January 13th, at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, for the purpose of fixing the time and place for holding the next National Convention for the nomination of President and Vice-President.

THE ECONOMY OF FIRE-PROOF STRUCTURES is illustrated by the heavy loss attending the large fire in the Five Points district on December 9th, when a lithographic establishment, with smaller buildings, was burned. One item of the loss was a million chromos.

THE NEW ALABAMA CONSTITUTION, which has just been adopted by an overwhelming vote, forbids sectarian appropriations, and prohibits State officers and members of the Legislature from accepting free passes by railroad or other means of transportation.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH REPRESENTATION of the "Mighty Dollar" at the Park Theatre in New York city, December 13th, was commemorated by the distribution among the audience of beautiful silver medals suitably inscribed and bearing the portraits in relief of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

WOULD MR. FERRY, President of the Senate, become President of the United States in case of the death of President Grant? "That's the question," now agitating the Republican members of Congress. The Democratic members consider it settled in favor of the Acting Vice-President.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM was not so much injured by the set opposition to it in the late Constitutional Convention of Texas as had been apprehended. The provision made for the support of free schools includes one-fourth of the general revenue, the interest on the school fund, and the poll tax. These sources will yield an annual

revenue of \$650,000. The 60,000 acres of school lands, which belong to the State, are to be sold for the benefit of the school fund, and this will thus be increased, it is expected, to \$30,000,000.

BISHOP HAVEN'S preposterous speech, in which he attempted to commit the Methodist denomination to his private personal opinions in favor of President Grant as a third-term candidate, has provoked no better rejoinder than the *Tribune's*, that if there is a third term, Bishop Haven should be made a cardinal.

"CHRISTMAS IN SONG AND STORY" is the title of a forthcoming collection of representative Christmas literature, from Milton to Irving, Auerbach, Andersen, Dickens and Thackeray, including specimens selected many years ago by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and placed by that favorite poet at the disposition of Mr. Philip Gates, of Boston.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE on the "History and Uses of Coal" was delivered on the evening of November 30th, in the lecture-room of St. Mark's Church, in this city, by Mr. Bellinger White. The lecture was illustrated with pictures by means of an oxyhydrogen lantern manipulated by Mr. Halleck, Professor Joy's assistant at Columbia College.

A HUGE BLACK BEAR walked boldly down Water Street, in Milford, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of December. It came from the mountains, crossed Sawkill Creek on the ice and escaped. This is the tenth bear seen in Pike County this Fall. In New York city a few bears can be seen at the Central Park, three or four (stuffed) on Broadway, and any number on Wall Street.

IT IS GRATIFYING TO LEARN, from the report of the War Department, that the service has been conducted with greater economy than before, thus saving more than a million dollars; and that an improvement in the system of paying the soldiers has led to threefold the number of re-enlistments as compared with the previous year, and a diminution of the desertions by nearly one-half.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY very imperfectly satisfies the eager curiosity with which it has been looked for, on account of Mr. Robeson's recently rumored extraordinary preparations to "fight all creation." And it does not dispel the uneasy suspicion that his enumeration of the fighting strength of our navy includes many vessels which are not worth much as fighting ships.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERSHIP has been accepted by John Q. Smith, of Ohio. The family of Smiths seems to enjoy a prescriptive claim to this office. "What," asks the *Tribune*, "would become of the Indians if there were no Smiths?" From the time of that little affair between Pocahontas and Captain John, the innumerable descendants of those two immortals have stood by each other like brothers."

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT between Science and Religion need not and would not arise if all theologians were as wise and candid as President Potter of Union College, who, although not himself a convert to Darwinian theories of evolution, nevertheless sees and shows that they are not incompatible with Christian faith. The evidence adduced in their favor, he thinks, is not sufficient; but their strength is to be tested by scientific, not by theological, weapons.

THE TELEGRAPH AND ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.—Mr. Henry Blackburn, alluding in a recent lecture at Glasgow, Scotland, to the transmission by telegraph to the New York *Tribune* of the marks made on the targets during the International rifle match, expressed the sanguine hope that we should yet have illustrated daily newspapers in which special correspondents would supplement their telegraphic accounts of events by telegraphic maps and telegraphic pictures illustrating them.

THE FRENCH SENATE.—The result of the election of life Senators by the French Assembly so far been in favor of the Republic. It is quite manifest that the Left has enjoyed the full support of the Bonapartists, who prefer the Republic in any shape to the re-establishment of the Monarchy. Every thing now depends on the forthcoming elections. Bonapartism is dead. It remains to be seen to what use the Bonapartists can turn the Republican majority. The First and Second Empires sprang directly out of the bosom of the Republic.

AN ALLEGED DISCOVERY in Electrical Science and Telegraphy, by Mr. T. A. Edwin, of Newark, N. J., seems to have met, as yet, with but little favor on the part of practical electricians directly or indirectly connected with the existing telegraph companies. Nevertheless, if further experiments shall establish the reality of Mr. Edwin's claim to have discovered a new kind of electricity, differing from the old in several particulars, and notably in not requiring for transmission that the conducting wire shall be insulated, marvelous changes in telegraphy may be speedily anticipated.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, according to Judge Donahue's decision, is not entitled by its charter to establish steamship lines. If its claim to such a construction of the phraseology of the charter as would authorize its project of running steamship lines to New York and San Francisco were admitted, the directors would likewise be authorized to establish lines with Europe, Africa, or Asia, and all parts of those continents. Judge Donahue asks if there is a single stockholder in the company who would like to have his property invested in that company, subject to the power of the directors for the time being to establish any line that whim or caprice might suggest?

PEACE ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.—It is now understood that the purchase by England of the Suez Canal will not have the effect of reopening the Eastern question. Russia and Germany have, it appears, agreed on a peaceful solution of the Turkish difficulty. Prince Gortschakoff has evidently found it difficult to induce Prince Bismarck

to regard the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by England as a cause of war. Germany has not even favored an International Conference. England has thus fairly secured her prize. It appears also that the proposals made to the Sultan's government, looking to the establishment of perfect equality between the Christians and Turks, have been agreed to. The presumption now is that the Eastern question will be allowed to rest a little longer. It can only be a temporary repose; for Turkey is sinking under the terrible weight of her money responsibilities. With Egypt practically lost to her, final recovery is an impossibility.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND"—Considerable soreness exists as to the loss of the *Deutschland* and as to the fate of so many of her passengers and crew. The people of Harwich are being greatly blamed. The London press is very severe upon them. The *Times* says that their "conduct is a disgrace to the English name." They say "they saw the first rocket signaling distress at half-past six o'clock Monday evening, 6th instant, but the fact remains that they knew it was Monday morning." The *News* asks why the people of Harwich "treated the drowning men to a pyrotechnic display and then went to bed?"—why they gave the shipwrecked people rockets, when they asked for boats from shore?" At Berlin, and, indeed, throughout Germany, great excitement prevails, and the Liberals have signed an interpellation, asking the Government for information in regard to the loss of the *Deutschland*. Casualties to German ships are becoming painfully common. Official inquiry may throw some light on the subject.

THE PLAN FOR SPECIE RESUMPTION recommended by Secretary Bristow in his annual report has at least the merits of being well matured and definite. He proposes, first, to provide that paper shall not be a legal tender for debts contracted after January 1st, 1877; second, to provide that legal tender may be funded in long four per cent. bonds, at a rate not exceeding an average of \$2,000,000 per month; third, to increase the coin balance in the Treasury by restoring the duties on tea and coffee; and fourth, to accumulate gold, as the condition of the markets may permit, by the sale of bonds. These four measures support each other. Neither would suffice alone; but the four together, if not interrupted, would render resumption in 1879 reasonably certain. As to our receipts and expenditures, Secretary Bristow's report has been well described as being too clear and truthful to be generally satisfactory. He shows that for the current year, with the best estimates of receipts and the lowest of expenditures, we are likely to run short over three and a quarter millions! In 1874 our exports were nearly \$19,000,000 more than our imports. In 1875 the balance is \$19,500,000 the other way. And yet, in spite of this apparent increase of imports, our receipts from customs have fallen off in 1875 nearly \$6,000,000. The receipts from the internal revenue are some \$8,000,000 more than in 1874. We run short, therefore, not so much because we are receiving less money, but because we are spending more. For the next fiscal year, the Secretary of the Treasury reckons on a slightly increased revenue, and shows that, by cutting down the estimates of the various departments, we may expect, in the fiscal year of 1876-7, to make our expenditures and receipts come within half a million of balancing each other. This is pretty close shaving, and the House of Representatives may well be advised of the necessity of practicing all the economy which its members have been loudly preaching to carry us safely through.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

REV. M. EGGLESTON, of Philadelphia, declined the Episcopal Bishopric of Iowa.

THE CATHEDRAL of the Holy Cross at Boston was dedicated on the 8th with grand ceremonies.

A MEMORIAL of the Centennial Board of Finance was presented in the Senate by Mr. Oglesby, asking of Congress an appropriation of \$1,500,000.

REV. WILLIAM E. MCCLAREN, S.T.D., was consecrated as Bishop of the Northern Episcopal Diocese of Illinois, at the Cathedral, Chicago, on the 8th.

FOREIGN.

THAT the Archbishop of Cologne is to be deposed is evident from the fact that the Prussian Government has formally summoned him to resign.

THE SCHEME for the diplomatic representation of China at all the large capitals is nearly consummated. Ministers have already been appointed to the United States, Peru and Japan.

SIX BRITISH FRIGATES, composing Rear Admiral Lambert's detached squadron, are ordered from the East Indies to the Red Sea, and will pass through the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean.

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP *Deutschland* grounded during a snow-storm on the Kentish Knock Sands, part of a shoal inclosing the mouth of the Thames, on the 6th, and fifty lives were lost.

A FEARFUL explosion occurred in the Swain Main Colliery, near Barnsley, England, on the 6th. Three hundred men and boys were in the mine at the time. Latest accounts stated the cause to be careless blasting, and the loss of life 140.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION at Bremerhaven, just as the steamship *Mosel* was about to leave for New York, December 11th, killed sixty-eight persons and wounded thirty-five. The majority of the victims were spectators on the dock. An almost incredible dispatch says that the man who delivered the dynamite had planned that the explosion should take place in mid-ocean. A passenger on the *Mosel* who attempted to commit suicide after the explosion was held for examination.

OBITUARY.

DECEMBER 8th.—At Oakland, Cal., the Hon. J. Ross Browne, traveler, author, and Ex-Minister to China, aged 58.

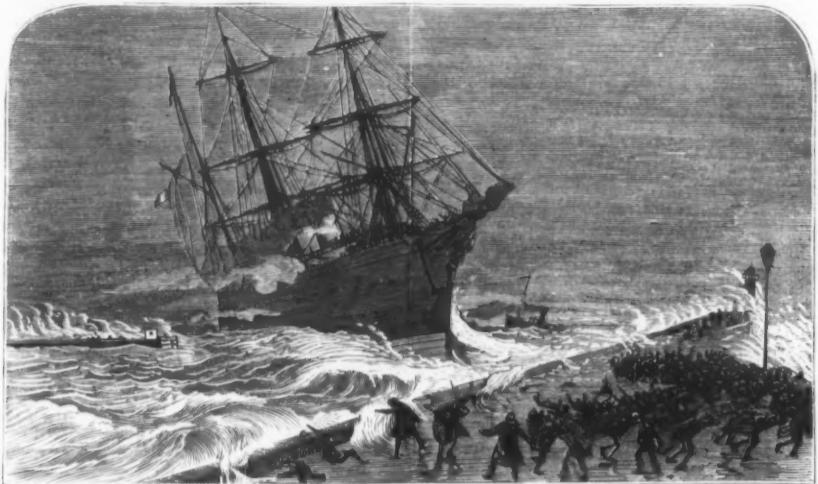
“9th.—Suddenly at Paris, Oluf Stenersen, Swedish Minister to the United States, aged 41.

“12th.—At London, Sir Houston Stewart, Vice-Admiral of the British Navy, aged 84.

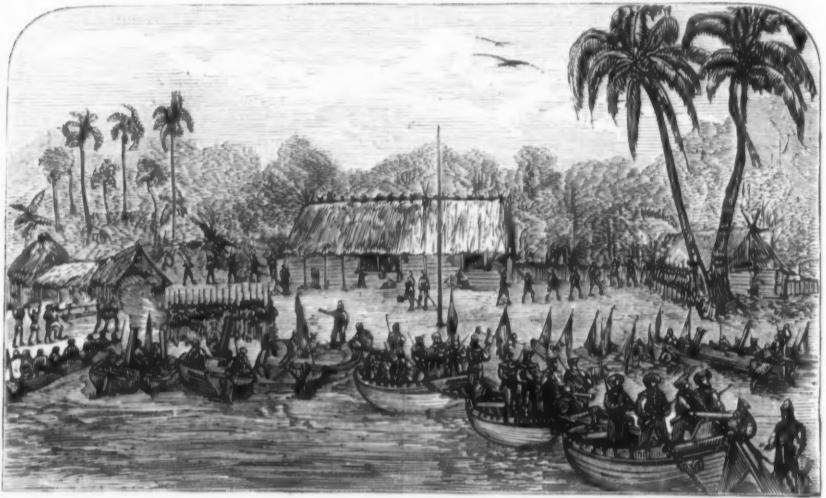
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 255.



ENGLAND.—LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON—THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN LUDGATE HILL.



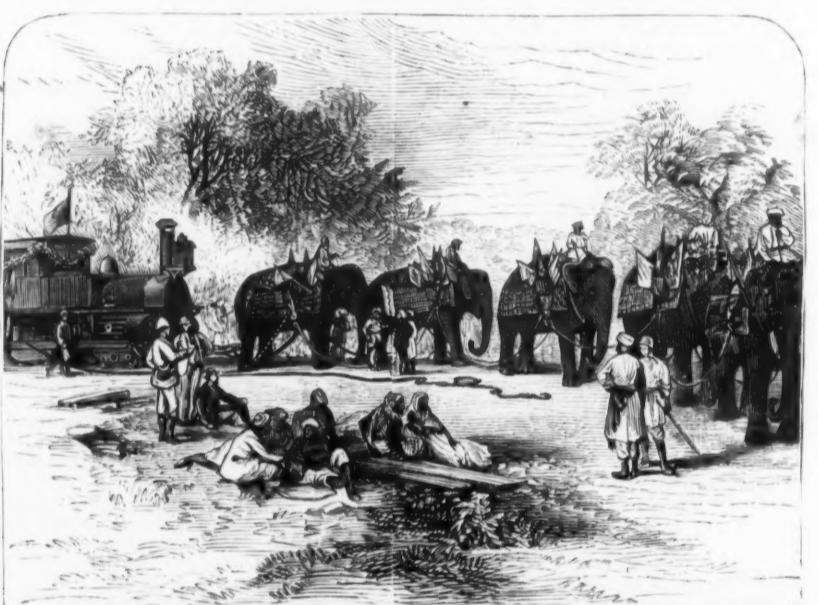
FRANCE.—THE STEAMER "VILLE-DE-PARIS" DRIVEN BY THE HURRICANE OF NOVEMBER 11TH AND 12TH AGAINST THE JETTY IN THE HARBOR OF HAVRE.



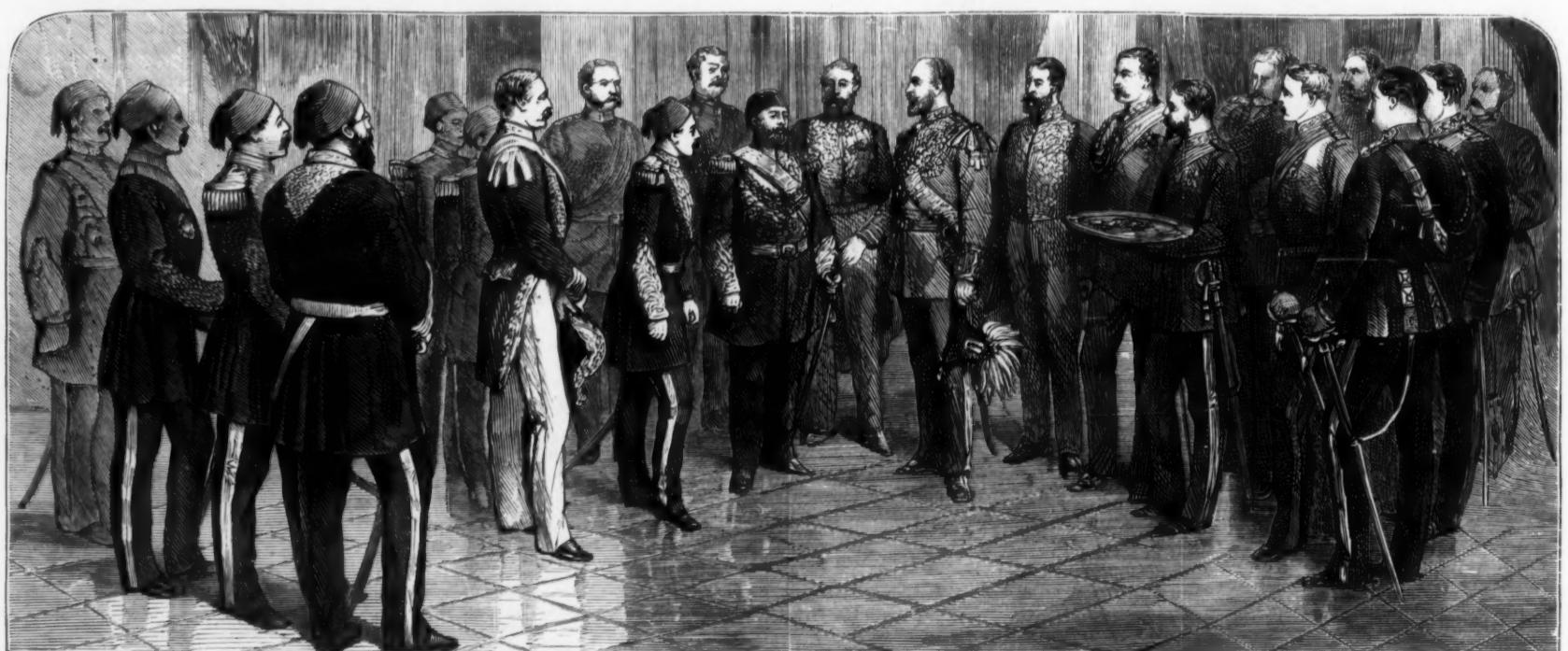
WESTERN AFRICA.—THE CONGO EXPEDITION—BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE CREEK AT CHENGO.



EGYPT.—RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE KHEDIVE AT THE CAIRO RAILWAY STATION.



CENTRAL HINDOOOSTAN.—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE AT INDORE.



EGYPT.—THE PRINCE OF WALES INVESTING PRINCE TEWFIK, THE ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE KHEDIVE, WITH THE COLLAR AND BADGE OF THE STAR OF INDIA.



AN IRISH SONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

I.

THE white blossom's off the bog, and the leaves are off the trees,
And the singin' birds have scattered across the stormy seas—
And oh! 'tis Winter,
Wild, wild Winter,
Wid' the lonesome wind sighin' for ever through the trees!

II.

How green the leaves were sprin'g! how glad the birds were singin'
When I rested in the meadow wid' me head on Patrick's knees.
And oh! 'twas Spring-time,
Sweet, sweet Spring-time,
Wid' the daisies all dancin' before me in the breeze.

III.

Wid' the Spring the fresh leaves they'll laugh upon the trees,
And the birds they'll flutter back wid' their songs across the seas,
But I'll never rest agin' wid' my head on Patrick's knees—
And for me 'twill be Winter,
Wild, wild Winter,
Wid' the lonesome wind sighin' for ever through the trees.

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THEY met once more—the two who had parted in such sorrow and pain. Ethel happened to be with Lady Leighton when the visitor arrived; she could not hasten away without drawing more attention to herself than she desired. She saw Sir Oscar before he had time to notice her; she stilled the terrible beating of her heart, the trembling of her limbs.

"It has to be borne," she said to herself; "let me bear it bravely."

While he spoke to Lady Leighton she looked earnestly at him. He was greatly changed; the face she remembered as so bright and hopeful was care-worn and sad. He looked like a man who had passed through great and bitter trouble. She was still gazing eagerly, wistfully at him, when, turning suddenly, he saw her.

She never forgot the startled shock of pain that came over his face; he was like a man who had received a sudden blow and could hardly recover from it. With grave courtesy he held out his hand in greeting her.

She made her escape as soon as possible. The pain of meeting him again—of meeting him so coldly, so soberly—was almost greater than the pain of parting had been; she wept bitter tears over it. Of course she knew it could not be otherwise; they had parted years ago—they were to be only as strangers. But she could not endure it—it seemed harder to her than any sorrow she had borne. She said to herself that she would ask Lord St. Norman to leave Holmedale; he would not refuse her—he must not refuse her, for she could not bear her present trial.

She saw but little of Sir Oscar that day; they met at the dinner-table, but he was next to Clarice Leighton, who was trying to make a conquest of the man whom all other men honored. After dinner he again talked to Clarice, and Ethel, with an aching heart, sat and watched him.

They were parted. Never, while life lasted, could they be anything to each other. They were to be strangers. Yet she could not bear it. She sat for a short time and then went to her own room. Perhaps that night was the longest and saddest that Ethel ever passed.

It was two days before she saw Sir Oscar to speak to him, and then she was in the conservatory alone. When he entered and saw her his face lighted up for a few moments, and then the care-worn expression returned. He went over to her.

"Ethel," he said, gently, "I have been longing to see you alone. I wanted to speak to you. Will you listen to me for a brief while?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I want to tell you that if I had known you were here I would not have come. I would not have given either you or myself the pain of meeting again—it is too hard to bear. I came for some weeks, but I shall not remain. I shall go away in a few days."

She bowed her head, but made no answer.

"Ethel," he continued, hurriedly, "tell me one thing. I am unchanged. My love for you has increased, not lessened—it is the greatest happiness, yet the greatest torment, of my life. If I repeated my question, if I prayed you again to be my wife, what would your answer be?"

She was silent for some short time, and then she raised her eyes to his face:

"It must be the same as before," she replied; "it is not more possible for me now than it was then to be your wife."

"I feared it," he said, sadly. "Ah, me, how full of sorrow life is, Ethel! I cannot remain here and bear the torture of seeing you, knowing that you can never be mine. I must go. There can be no pretext of friendship for us. I hardly dared to hope, yet my second disappointment is harder than the first."

"I am sorry," she said, gently.

"I know, Ethel—I know. Would to Heaven things could have been otherwise. I should have—"

But he never finished the sentence. Lady Leighton came in, and he could say no more.

Ethel did not go down-stairs again that day. If she could have had her own way she would not have seen him again—it was only useless pain.

"He will be gone soon," thought the desolate girl, "and then I shall suffer no more."

Sir Oscar made a desperate attempt to leave Holmedale, but Lord Leighton would not hear of it. In vain the baronet pleaded pressure of business.

"You promised to remain several weeks," said Lord Leighton; "you must, at least, stay for one."

Reluctantly enough he complied. "It will soon pass," he thought, "and I will take care that I do not see her again."

Three days elapsed, and then Ethel awoke to a sense of how time was speeding. She had to meet Laurie Carrington on the morrow and tell him upon what she had decided. She had not thought much of the matter, but the result of her musings was, she would ask him to go away and leave her.

She had decided what course to pursue. She was ready to meet Laurie Carrington—to part with him

to tell him what money she could send him; it was all settled and arranged in her own mind. She was ready, too, to part with Sir Oscar—there was no help for it, and, like himself, she breathed a fervent prayer that they might not meet again.

Dinner-time came and the guests were all assembled. Their host, however, was absent, and they waited some little time for him. Lord Leighton came in at last. He looked pale and anxious. He made some hurried apology for his absence and then went to dinner. It was half over when Ethel heard one gentleman say to another in a low voice:

"Have you heard of the accident? A keeper has been shot in the woods."

Ethel heard the words; they were like a terrible shock to her—like a sudden blow. Presently she rallied herself. There were many keepers. How could she tell which one had been shot?

She heard Lord Leighton saying:

"I did not intend to mention it during dinner, but, as you have already heard the news, I may say it is quite true."

One of the keepers shot in the woods! Some one offered Ethel wine, and she drank it mechanically.

"Which of the men was it?" asked a gentleman.

"The one I was speaking of the other day—the well-educated one. I fancy there was some little mystery about him. They tell me that after he was shot he called incessantly some woman's name."

"How did it happen?" asked another.

"Very simply. He was carrying a loaded gun, and the trigger caught in a bush. It went off and shot him through the lungs."

"My cousin was shot in the same way," said a visitor. "Is the poor man dead, Lord Leighton?"

"No; I sent for all the doctors far and near, but, though they do not quite agree as to the mode of treatment, they all tell me the same thing—he has not twenty-four hours to live."

"Has he all that he requires?" asked Lady Leighton.

"Yes. But I am sure there is a mystery about the man. He has lived in a different position—he has been in different circumstances. He has tried very eagerly to say something to me, but he could not."

"What is his name?" asked Sir Oscar Charlotte, and Lord Leighton replied:

"His name is John Smith, but I have my own reasons for thinking that it is only assumed. I am very sorry for him. An accident of that kind is always terrible."

"There is no hope for him, then?" said Sir Oscar, pityingly.

"Not the least in the world," was the reply.

"He may—he will, in all probability—rally, but it will not be for long."

There was a sudden cry, a sudden commotion. The beautiful Miss St. Norman had fainted and had fallen from her seat to the floor. They hastened to raise her. Sir Oscar looked at her deathlike face.

"It is the heat of the room," said one.

Another suggested that it was owing to the long morning's drive.

No one guessed that the news just told could have any interest for Lord St. Norman's proud, beautiful daughter.

She was taken to her room, and kindly hands tended her. Lady St. Norman did not leave her until the color had returned to her face and she was able to sit up. Then Ethel begged that she might be left alone.

"I am not ill," she said; "believe me, Helen; but I am tired, and I would so much rather be left quite alone."

To please her, Lady St. Norman went away, and Ethel was left to her thoughts. They were all chaos, all confusion. She could not disentangle them: she could only remember, as she sat there, that Laurie, who had been a forger and a thief—Laurie, who had married her, lay dying, and that she had refused to pardon him.

Would he keep their secret, or, in the agony of death, would he reveal it? She was almost indifferent, the shock of the accident was so terrible to her. She would have parted from him on the morrow; she would have sent him away to the other end of the world, never to see him again; but there was something terrible in the turn which things had now taken.

As she sat there some one gently opened the door. Her maid entered, bearing in her hand a small folded paper.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, miss?" she asked. "One of the men has just given me this. The keeper who met with the accident this morning has sent it, and, thinking it may be about money, I brought it to you at once."

"You did right," said Ethel. "It will be better not to mention it;" and the maid, thinking that it was an application for money made by the sick man, not only promised, but kept her word.

Ethel opened the letter eagerly—the last she was ever to have from him. It was with difficulty she could decipher the words. It said simply:

"I am dying, Ethel. Dear, I cannot die without your pardon—I have loved you too much. Come to me for a few minutes; stand by me, look at me with your calm eyes, and say, 'I forgive you, Laurie.' and then I can die in peace."

He was a criminal—he had blighted her life—he had taken from her all hope and happiness; but, as she read, warm sweet pity rose in her heart. He had loved her so dearly, and he was dying.

"I will go to him," she said to herself. "He shall find rest in his grave."

The night was growing dark. She sent for her maid.

"Lisette," she said, "I am about to put great confidence in you. I want to go out, and no one must know it. I shall be absent some short time. Will you sit in my room here and wait for me, and tell me in when I return?"

The girl looked at her with clear, honest eyes.

"I will do all you wish, miss," she replied; "no one shall know that you are out, and no one shall enter your room while you are away. I will wait for you; I can let you in by one of the side-doors. I will get the key."

Whatever Lisette may have thought, she said nothing.

"I suppose," said Ethel, "that the poor man who was wounded to-day lies in the cottage?"

"Yes; he has a woman from the village to nurse him. If you are going out, miss, would it not be better to put on large cloak and a thick vail, so that you may not be recognized?"

Ethel thought the suggestion a good one. She had not removed the rich jewels, nor the silk dinner-dress; there was no time to be lost in changing them now. She wrapped herself in a large dark traveling-cloak and hid her white, beautiful face with a thick vail.

"You will be careful," she said to Lisette; and then, unperceived and unnoticed, she quitted the house.

The clock over the stables was striking ten. She did not feel quite sure whether she knew the way to the cottage, yet it could not be very far distant from

the house; it was at the entrance to the woods, she remembered, and the walk to the woods had not seemed to her a long one. She hurried on. Presently the deep baying of a hound startled her. She said to herself:

"I must not lose courage. I must go. He is dying; I must see him, or he will not rest in his grave."

But the night was dark, and the way was strange—she took the wrong path. She grew confused and frightened. More than once she fancied that she heard her husband's voice crying, "Ethel, Ethel!" and she imagined that she saw his face, all white and cold in death, floating before her.

"It is only a fancy," she said to herself; but her nervous fears increased. Every whisper of the wind, every rustle of the leaves, thrilled her heart with a new and strange fear. She was confused, frightened, bewildered. She stood still, hesitating for one minute whether she should cry out or not; and then, to her infinite relief, she saw a tall figure just before her—the figure of a man. He was evidently smoking, for the fragrance of a cigar reached her. It was wonderful how quickly her fears were dispelled.

"Who is it?" she asked herself. "Let it be who it may, I must not be seen."

She turned away, hoping not to be seen; but quick footsteps followed her, and presently Sir Oscar's voice said, calmly:

"Ethel, I know you. I saw you some minutes since, and came to meet you. I should recognize your figure and your walk anywhere. You could never hide yourself from me."

She stood quite still at the first sound of his voice; all her strength seemed to desert her.

"I came out, as I do every night," he said, "to smoke a cigar. The night is so calm and sweet and still that I have wandered further than I intended. But you, Ethel—what are you doing in the woods alone at this hour of night?"

"You must not ask me," she replied, faintly.

"But I shall do so, Ethel. Your voice is faint, your hands are cold, and your face—your beautiful face—is so white, dear! You are in trouble. Let me help you."

It was a great relief to her; the kind words and the sympathizing voice were so welcome that she broke down. She clung to his strong arm, and wept aloud.

"Ethel, my darling," he said, "you are in trouble. Trust me; let me help you. What is love worth if the one who loves cannot be trusted? I will keep all you say to me as sacred as though it were my own secret and my life depended on it. Trust me, Ethel."

She stood silent for a few minutes while the night-wind moaned around her, and the great branches of the trees swayed above her. What ought she to do? If she refused to trust him, then he would not let her go any further, and poor Laurie—Laurie who had loved her so dearly—must die without her pardon. If she wished to see him, she must trust Sir Oscar, and, if she trusted him, and told him all, then he would never love her again—she would lose his respect and esteem with his love.

"I must see Laurie," she thought. "Living, I might help him; dying, I must forgive him."

"Ethel," said Sir Oscar, "try to think that I am your brother. If you had a brother of your own, you know how you would trust him. Do the same with me."

"You will never like me again," she confessed.

"You will despise me."

"I shall love you until I die, Ethel. Only trust me; try me, prove me. Is your walk connected with that same secret which stands between me and my love?"

"Yes," she replied. "Oh, Oscar, whether you love me or not, I cannot help it now! I must tell you all."

Her beautiful head bent in uttermost shame, her face wet with dropping tears, she told the story of her folly of so long ago—the secret, hurried marriage which had been the bane of her life. She did not omit one detail. She told him the bitter truth in all its nakedness. He listened in surprise that was too great for words.

"My poor child," he said, gently, when she had finished, "my poor Ethel, how terribly you have suffered! And that man is your husband—yours? It seems incredible."

Then she remembered how time was passing, and that Laurie Carrington wished to die in peace.

"He is dying, Oscar," she said, "and I must see him. Will you—it seems strange to ask you—will you take me to him?"

"Yes," he replied; "you do right to go, Ethel. If he were well, I should be one of the first to punish him for his cowardly villainy, for his mean, wicked sin; dying, I, like you, must pardon him. I will take you, so that I may stand as a shield between you and all harm. Oh, Ethel, my poor child, how terribly you have suffered!"

Even he could not conceive it all; no one but herself could ever know what those years of hidden anguish had been like.

He took her hand silently in his.

"This is the nearest way to the cottage," he said. "Ethel, it will be better for the world not to know about this matter. There will be people with the poor man—nurses and attendants. How can I best screen you from

gladly availing themselves of the comforts afforded by the new enterprise. Some are busily fortifying themselves with good warm coffee, while others are clustered around the huge stove thawing their chilled bodies after the terrors of the northwest passage from down-town. The place is an oasis of comfort in the rugged life of the carmen, and no wonder the poor driver lingers lovingly over his coffee, heedless of the call of the impatient conductor to "hurry up." Although many of these men are rough in manners and appearance, they are, as a class, honest and warm-hearted, and thoroughly appreciate the efforts made for their welfare. Men who toil as faithfully and laboriously as they do to keep the wolf from the door of some loved ones, are capable of being benefited by the influences that are here thrown around them, and although this movement started only a few weeks ago, the kind ladies who initiated it are beginning to realize that "they build better than they knew."

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "DEUTSCHLAND."

THE steamer *Deutschland*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Line, left Bremerhaven on Saturday, December 4th, for New York, *via* Southampton, with a crew of 100 men and 123 passengers. On Monday, at 6 o'clock in the morning, during a heavy northeast gale, she grounded on Kentish Knock, and was totally wrecked.

According to the statement of Captain Brickenstein, who was in command of the vessel, the steamer left port during a heavy northeast snowstorm. The wind was blowing very hard, and the blinding snow-storm made it difficult to distinguish the lights and land-marks that indicate the dangerous points in the North Sea. All Sunday night and Monday morning, as the vessel neared the shoals that lie along the English coast, extra precautions were taken. Towards 4 o'clock on Monday morning the line showed 24 to 17 fathoms of water. At half-past five, while going slowly ahead, the vessel struck with a moderate shock. It was soon discovered that she had grounded, and, although every effort was made to get her off, each hour the situation grew more perilous. The gale increased, the screw of the vessel became locked, and the machinery was stopped. The vessel began to thump heavily higher and higher on the sands.

The boats were swung out and made ready to launch, but the tempestuous sea prevented their being lowered with any safety. Two attempts to do so resulted in the swamping of the boats and the loss of several lives. All day Monday was a day of terror and suspense. The officers and crew worked gallantly to save the vessel, and the passengers behaved with great courage and fortitude. At 2 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday all passengers were ordered to the rigging. The upper deck was then two feet under water. Many of those who were thus saved for the time by the retreat to the rigging subsequently fell into the sea, because, numbed by the cold, they were unable to hold on. Others perished by the high waves mounting to the rigging and washing them away. Many of the passengers took refuge in the wheel-house and on the bridge. With the ebb-tide the water fell, and the passengers who were still in the rigging were able to come down. At half-past 10 on Tuesday morning a tug-boat came to their relief, and the survivors were taken off; but some fifty souls had been washed into the sea before succor arrived.

The lost steamer was built on the Clyde in 1866, and was considered one of the best vessels of the line. She was about 340 feet long, 42 feet in breadth of beam, with a depth of hold of 26 feet. She was 3,000 tons burden, was rated A1, and had ample accommodation for 50 saloon, 100 intermediate, and about 600 steerage passengers.

This is the third vessel lost by the North German Lloyd Steamship Company in eighteen years, and their first loss of life. The *Union* was lost during the year 1870 off the coast of Scotland, near Pentland Frith, and an extra steamer named the *King William* was stranded off the Dutch coast about three years ago, at a point nearly opposite the spot where the *Deutschland* is now supposed to be lying.

A FRENCH VIVANDIERE.

AT No. 15 Rue Vandamme now lives, in comparative obscurity and poverty, at the age of fifty-two years, Annette Drevon, the *cantinière* of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, who for thirty years has followed the changing fortunes of the French army—in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. Her history is curious, and the story of her adventures would fill columns. She has given, in several instances, proof of courage and patriotism worthy of the greatest praise. At the bloody battle of Magenta she succeeded, in the face of a severe fire, in saving the flag of the regiment, which some Austrian soldiers were carrying off, and for this glorious feat she was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. During the war with Prussia she followed the Thirty-second of the line. One day, after the armistice, and in the neighborhood of Thionville, she was grossly insulted upon the public road by two Bavarian soldiers. Drawing her pistol, she shot one, and the other abandoned the field at once. She was soon arrested, taken to Metz, tried for her life by a drum-head court-martial, and sentenced to death. She was saved by the efforts of Prince Frederick Charles, who was then at Metz, and, hearing that a woman was to be shot, sent for and examined the papers connected with the case, demanded and obtained her pardon, and sent her to Paris, where, by hard work, she now earns a scanty living.

CURIOS STATISTICS OF LONDON.

PERHAPS nothing can show the customs, manners and opinions of a nation better than its sign-boards. Take, for instance, the public-houses of London. There are 87 King's Arms, in the metropolis, 23 Queen's Arms, 49 King's Heads, and 60 Queen's Heads. The Royal Oak stands for 26 signs; the Royal Standard for 12. There are 73 Crowns, 18 Crowns and Anchors, 6 Crown and Cushions, 10 Crown and Scuteps, 46 Rose and Crowns, and 17 houses where this emblem of royalty is found in more questionable society; for example, the Crown and Anvil, the Crown and Apple Tree, the Crown and Can, etc. Twenty-three public-houses are dedicated to (the late) Prince Albert, 49 to the Prince of Wales, 8 to the Princess of Wales, 8 to the Princess Royal, 10 to Prince Alfred, 4 to the Duke of Edinburgh, to the Princess Alice 2, and to Princess Beatrice 1. The Iron Duke has 26 to keep alive his memory among his countrymen, Lord Nelson 22, and the Marquis of Granby 16. But the British Lion seems to be the great favorite. There are 74 Red Lions, 17 Golden Lions, 26 White Lions, to say nothing of Blue Lions and others. Then there are Georges, and George and Dragons innumerable, Bulls Black and White, Bulls' Heads, White Swans, Green Dragons, Spread Eagles, Turks' Heads, Saracens' Heads, Blue Posts, Blue Anchors, Blue Lasts, Blue-eyed Maidens, etc.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE HUGE BUILDINGS.

NOTES OF PREPARATION FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND THE UNITED STATES—MOODY AND SANKEY AMONG THE QUAKERS AND THEATRE MANAGERS—A PAVILION OF ORIENTAL FRAGRANCE—ACCIDENTS, INCIDENTS AND PERSONALITIES.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, December 11th, 1875.

THE Philadelphia soul, at the present moment, is filled with two events—one present, and the other prospective. One is "Moody and Sankey," the other is the Centennial. If, as some metaphysicians claim, the soul is merely the blending of mind and heart, then Philadelphia is certainly a whole-souled city. The minds of the entire population are excited over the coming exhibition, and over thirteen thousand hearts are stirred nightly by the revivalists. Moody and Sankey are a decided success. They draw immense houses every night, and theatre-managers are correspondingly disconsolate—not only from the revivalists taking in hundreds who might otherwise seek to spend an evening in halls of mirth, but from the fact that every meeting goer is constantly warned by Moody and Sankey against the evils of a life of gilded vice and theatre-going; and the theatre managers don't like it a bit.

In conversation the other day, two of these managers said that no theatre need hope for a big success while the revivalists were in town, and that not even a French emotional comedy would draw against them. But the Centennial managers still pursue the even tenor of their way. Nothing takes place to startle you, and yet public interest is being steadily increased by agreeable surprises. Everything relating to and dealing with Centennial matters is sought for eagerly as if a family necessity. And here let me remark that your bird's-eye view, presenting an accurate view of the grounds in their present condition, made a decided hit. The Philadelphian's enthusiasm is not so boisterous as the New Yorker's, but it is not so ephemeral, and your view of the charming park in its grotesque condition of buildings in an advanced state of development has secured for you the heartiest of approval.

There has been quite a literary, political and religious controversy regarding the propriety and feasibility of

KEEPING THE GROUNDS OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

The clergy are strongly opposed to it; whereas free-thinkers claim that the poor laborers who toil through the week, and have only the Sabbath wherein to enjoy a leisurely inspection of the great work of their own city—and the greatest work of a whole world's century—should not be denied that privilege. Only the other day one of the leading Directors, in speaking of this question, threatened to resign his position if it should be decided to keep "open-house" on Sundays. He may rest his soul in peace now, for General Hawley, the President, has issued a proclamation in which he says that the rule to open the building from May 10th to November 10th, daily, *except Sundays*, has never been revoked, and that no application has ever been received to admit the public on the Sabbath. So that question may be considered settled.

There is to be a great restriction in the number of

DEAD HEAD TICKETS FOR THE EXHIBITION.

that are to be issued. They are to be extremely few, and holders of complimentary cards will have their portraits attached, so that there can be no attempt to violate the rule without detection. It has been suggested by some that a variation in the scale of prices be made, so as to permit the working-class to attend the Exhibition on certain days at lower rates. But this suggestion has fallen extremely flat, if for no other reason than that previous experience has shown that American pride refuses to label itself with a poverty card, and to claim charity on account of it. So that for all classes, rich and poor, through all exhibition days, the price of admission will, as now put forth, be fifty cents to all parts of the ground, with no extras. There has been a proposition made, which, in all likelihood, will be attended with good results, that a new census of Philadelphia be taken the first week in April, as the last one was very incorrect, and not at all just to the growth of the Quaker city's population.

WOMEN'S CENTENNIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Seventeen hundred and sixty dollars (\$1,760) were turned into stock at the Board of Finance Office in the month of November, which is rather a strong effort for the weaker sex! Don't you think so? For the Women's Building itself—now being erected on the grounds—six hundred and ten dollars have been received.

And this leads me to note the very great interest that is being taken in the Exhibition by New Englanders. The Massachusetts State Commission are engaged in a work which, if in any degree successful, will prove the most valuable and interesting exhibit of the history and resources of the State ever collected. They are calling on the various cities and towns for information illustrative of the interests, progress and present condition of the different sections of the Commonwealth. They propose to obtain, among other things, illustrations by maps, diagrams, plans and pictures of towns, villages and cities of the State, taken at various periods in the past; views of public buildings, churches, manufactures, school-houses, public parks, pleasure-groves, etc. The pictorial illustrations are to be mounted upon board, and placed in portfolios. All collections so made are to be returned at the close of the Exhibition, to be placed in the various public libraries or town archives, to serve thereafter as matters of reference and memorials of the past.

The New Hampshire Light Battery, of Manchester, have voted to attend the Centennial, and will probably take with them the brass field-pieces captured from the British by General John Stark at Bennington, now in possession of the town of New Boston; while the Portsmouth Artillery Company, the oldest military organization in the State, having been formed in 1775, will also participate.

FOR THE HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

several new and notable specimens have been procured. Chief among these is the *Phoenic sylvestris*, or Wild Date Palm of East India, a wonderfully gigantic beauty—the conveying of which to the hall has been sketched by your artist. It really is a marvelous plant, and deserves all the enthusiastic admiration that Mr. Miller, the Chief of the Department, and Mr. Suydam, his co-laborer, bestow upon it. They have also received some beautiful members of the Australian Fern-tree tribe, called, in scientific parlance, *Dicksonia Antarctica*. These plants are tall and graceful and especially beautifying in a hall of natural products. Let me call the attention of your readers, who may visit the grounds within a few days, to the forcing-rooms in the Horticultural Hall. Around and above, to the right and to the left of the spectator, will be seen an abundance of exotic plants—all donations. The necessary warmth for their growth is created by a system of steam-heating. When I was wandering in this fairy retreat and in a dream sort of way inhaling the odor of these plants from far-off countries, the active gardener for the nonce appeared to be the brakeman on some Oriental railroad, and I half expected every mo-

ment to hear him call out: "Change cars for Borneo!" or "Java," and, "Twenty minutes for refreshments!"

The workmen engaged on the buildings and around the grounds have not yet recovered from the gloom created by

THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE MAIN HALL.

on the morning of the 9th. It was while attempting to adjust the fixture for opening and closing the windows in the tower that a piece of scantling, on which Mahlin Naylor, William Cole and Richard Eagan were standing, suddenly snapped, and the poor fellows were precipitated to the ground, fully seventy feet below. Cole and Eagan were killed outright, and Naylor only lived a few minutes. As Cole and Naylor were married men, a movement was immediately inaugurated among their fellow workmen to raise funds for their families.

ECHOES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Great satisfaction is expressed here over the announcement that Queen Victoria has appointed the Duke of Richmond as the British Commissioner. Not that he will supplant Colonel Owen, who was with us just long enough for us to begin to like his practical way of looking after things, but because of the vast influence the Duke exerts and of his fine business habits. He will be a fit guardian of the pictures selected by Her Majesty from the Royal Collection for exhibition.

Director-General Goshorn has just received the architectural plans of the beautiful pavilion that will be erected by the Norwegian delegation. Special interest will be attracted by this, as it is to be built in Norway, in the highest style of native art, and shipped thence in sections.

Several of our Workingmen's Associations are making arrangements to give a hearty reception to the party of French artisans who are to come on. You will remember that the Municipality of Paris has voted \$6,000 towards a subscription to pay the expenses of such a representation. There doesn't appear to be the least fear of any communistic embroilings as a sequence to this visit.

A letter just received from Chief Justice Allen, of the Hawaiian Kingdom, who recently landed at San Francisco, en route to Washington, announces that King Kalakaua is anxious to visit the Centennial, but as next year is the appointed time for the bi-annual assemblage of his Legislature, it is very doubtful if he can arrange to come.

From Siam—perhaps the most distant country that will participate—the first installment of goods is expected. It must now be on its way from Liverpool. By-the-way, an attempt is being made to secure a collection of articles of church furniture of home manufacture to place beside the copy of the very grand lectern now in Chester Cathedral, England. This, your art readers will doubtless remember, was designed and executed under the eye of the celebrated Sir Gilbert Scott.

Gossip about the United States.

General Hawley, who has already proved himself a most competent President, is much annoyed by the constant receipt of various articles illustrative of natural phenomena. The latest contribution to a purely senseless collection is a bottle from Lexington, Ky., containing a small pig with three heads, seven feet, and five curling tails. A casual examination of your newspaper exchange list would drive the Commissioners crazy, because by it they would see that just such articles are being prepared for them in nearly every section of the country.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States have accepted the invitation to visit the Grounds on the 17th inst.; while nearly two hundred Senators and Representatives in Congress have promised to do so. This intelligence has occasioned much delight, because it is thought that after seeing what the Centennial Commission has done, and what it has laid out to do, the Government will come to its assistance. The memorial that the Commissioners and Board of Finance have prepared for Congress calls for an appropriation of \$1,500,000. It also states the financial condition of the commission to be as follows: Amount required to carry the work to the opening day, \$6,724,850; total stock subscriptions, gifts and donations to date, \$5,187,850; deficiency, \$1,537,100. The expenditures have been made with economy and care. Not a dollar of debt remains due and unpaid, and the estimates have never been exceeded. Pennsylvania has contributed ninety per cent of the amount raised, and assistance can now confidently be expected from the General Government in an enterprise that concerns so closely the pride and honor of the whole country.

The New England Granite Works, of Hartford, Conn., have made application for space for a colossal statue made by them for the Soldiers' Cemetery at Antietam. The height of the statue is twenty-one feet, and its weight thirty tons. It represents a volunteer soldier in Union uniform standing at rest, with his musket in hand. It will probably be assigned a place on the Grounds outside of the Buildings.

Plans are completed for the building to be devoted to the shoe and leather trade. It will be constructed of wood, glass and iron, and will cover a space of 314 feet by 160.

Professor Shaler, State Geologist of Kentucky, has asked for space to exhibit specimens of minerals found in that State. He has thirty large boxes full, already collected and classified.

RUSSIAN TEXTILE MANUFACTURES.

THE consumption of cotton goods in Russia is enormous. Of the seventy-five millions, from 50,000,000 to 65,000,000 use cotton as their chief material for clothing. Cotton is grown in Russian Turkestan, as far north as Chemkend, and there is no reason why its cultivation should not be extended still further north. The best cotton in this country averages 8½ lbs. a piece of 42 yards—a higher average than is usual in English or German mills. The finer numbers, from a variety of causes, amongst which the climate (dryness of the atmosphere, etc.) is not the least, are rarely manufactured; indeed, except for special occasions, such as exhibitions, no number above 60 has been made in Russia. In dyeing and printing, the Russian manufacturer still principally uses the old-fashioned fast vegetable dyes, and Russian prints are solid and good. The condition of the linen industry is especially healthy; but the want of more care in the preparation of the raw material and better machinery is felt in this as in all the Russian textile industries. The cotton industry is at present suffering from over-production, and there have of late occurred many failures in this trade. The woolen production is steadily progressing, but requires more capital, larger mills, and a generally superior system of manufacture. Of ribbed manufactures there are ten producing goods of the annual value of \$250,000. Russian atlas is certainly inferior to foreign; but, on the whole, Russian silks are stronger and better than the German and Austrian. Some, indeed, made near Moscow, are little inferior to those of Lyons. Gold brocades, and stuffs for church hangings, and priests' vestments are largely

manufactured and at a low price, viz.: from \$1 to \$3 the yard. The Russians appear to commit an error in endeavoring to imitate every foreign silk manufacture. The total raw silk production of Russia is about \$13,000,000.

CHINESE SILK.

THE silk of China, although inferior to that of Italy and the south of France, is supplied so abundantly as to render it a necessary and important contribution to European wants. The best silk districts lie in the part of the Great Plain containing portions of the four provinces of Hoo-peh, Che-kiang, Kiang-su and Nang-hui—provinces which are amply supplied with water both from lakes and rivers, and possess the central silk-markets of Soo-chow and Hoo-chow, together with the export cities of Shanghai and Ningpo. The farmers retain the production of silk entirely in their own hands; each grows his own trees, keeps his own silk-worms, and, aided by his household, prepares for sale his own packets of raw silk; and large farms or attendant manufactories are unknown. During the season the market-towns are thronged with the farmers and their wives, who come in to dispose of their silk to the native wholesale merchants; after the usual wrangling and pretended objections which form such an indispensable part in all the trading transactions of these loquacious people, the silk is submitted to the examination of the inspectors, by whose opinion the merchants are guided in their purchases, and who pronounce their final decision upon its value. The raw silk, when bought, is carried into storehouses, and there sorted and made up into large parcels, which are eventually sent into the principal commercial cities and sold to the native or foreign merchant at prices varying from twelve to twenty-five dollars per hundred taels weight, or from thirty-two to seventy-four pounds per cwt. The silk export to Europe has averaged during the last four years about eighty-two thousand bales, or above eight million pounds annually, of which the greater portion is shipped in English vessels and exported to this country.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON was celebrated this year with more pomp and enthusiasm than usual in recent times. The popularity of Lord Mayor Cotton, the fine weather, and the promise that the time-honored "men in armor" would again form an integral portion of the civic pageant, combined to bring together an immense assemblage of sight-seers, who thronged the streets, and filled the windows from garret to basement, wherever there was a chance of getting a glimpse of the gorgeous procession. On Ludgate Hill—the scene of our illustration—the crowd was very dense, and the cheers with which the Lord Mayor was greeted were only equaled by the shouts of delight from the juvenile portion of the spectators as the "men-at-arms" role clattered by, with their shining cuirasses and helmets, and waving pennons.

THE STEAMER "VILLE DE PARIS," so well-known to American passengers across the ocean, was driven furiously against the jetty at Havre (France) during the terrific storm on the night between the 11th and 12th of November. It was seriously injured, and for some time it was in a perilous condition, but on the next day the weather moderated, and the vessel was successfully docked.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION of the West African Naval Squadron supplies us this week with an additional illustration, which shows the landing party at Chengo crossing the creek by a bridge of boats.

THE PRINCE OF WALES, on his way to India, did not miss the opportunity of enjoying, for the third time, the Oriental hospitality of Egypt. When His Highness arrived at Cairo, by special railway train, the Khedive himself, with his Ministers and the English Consul, was on the platform to receive the royal party. Several regiments were marshaled around and in the station, and the brilliancy of the Egyptian state dress showed off magnificently against the white uniforms of the soldiers, who were picked men, and a fine set of fellows. Crowds of Arabs stood in the distance, and their gay colors, under the gaslight and in the blaze of many torches, completed a beautiful picture. The Prince, who wore the uniform of a field-marshal, with the exception of a white sun-helmet, shook the Khedive warmly by the hand. This is the subject of one of our cuts, while another represents the imposing ceremonies of the investiture of the Order of the Star of India, which the Prince held at the Ghezireh Palace in Cairo, in order to invest with the Collar and Badge of that Order Prince Tewfik, the eldest son and heir of the Khedive of Egypt.

CENTRAL HINDOSTAN.—How surely European civilization is penetrating the remote East is shown by the numerous railways which have been established between the capitals of India, and

MICHAEL C. KERR,

HON. MICHAEL C. KERR, Speaker of the House of Representatives for the Forty-fourth Congress, was born near Titusville, Pa., March 15th, 1827. His parents were in moderate circumstances, and for several years he pursued a course of education at home. While plodding along with the preliminary branches an opportunity was afforded him of entering Erie Academy, of which he took advantage, and at the age of eighteen he graduated from that institution. He went immediately to work teaching school for a living, and from the small proceeds of this occupation he saved enough to enable him to enter the University at Louisville, Ky. Upon completing the prescribed course, he began the study of law, and in 1852 he entered upon its practice in New Albany, Ind. Two years later he was elected City Attorney, and after serving that term, was chosen Prosecuting Attorney for Floyd County. In 1856 he became a member of the Legislature of Indiana, and served two terms. In 1862 he was elected Reporter of the Supreme Court of the State, and one result of his labors was the publication of five volumes of Reports.

While yet a young man Mr. Kerr's career was foreshadowed by the late Judge John Galbraith, of the Erie District, who said: "That young man will make his mark in the world, should he live and not meet with serious pull-backs. His native ability, of which he has a goodly share, heightened by application, and his quick perceptions, added to his sterling integrity, will soon bring him forward. I would not be surprised to see him go up, step by step, until he reaches eminence."

He entered Congress in 1864 as a Democrat, and was placed on the Committees on Private Land Claims and on Accounts. In the next Congress, the Forty-fifth, he served on the Committees on Elections and Roads and Canals; in the Forty-first he was on the Civil Service Committee; and in the Forty-second he was on the Ways and Means Committee. In 1872 the Hon. Godlove S. Orth, now Minister to Austria, defeated him in the race for Congressman-at-Large; but in 1874 Mr. Kerr was elected to the present Congress by a majority of 1,209 out of a total of 26,573 votes.

On the 1st of July last, when he was nominated at Seymour, Ind., he delivered an able speech, in which he came out boldly for hard money, opening with these words: "There never was, and never can be, a good national currency that does not rest upon the sure foundation of intrinsic value of money whose value is fixed by the labor it costs to produce it; of money created under the injunction that 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'"

We give also the following sample sentences from his utterances upon the financial problem: "Our rank as a commercial nation will be inferior, our commerce crippled, our cost of production too high, and our domestic values inflated, until we can regain for ourselves the currency of commerce. You may convert every bond the country owes into greenbacks, make the Government a generous lender to all comers, flood the country with promises as numerous as the Autumn leaves, and, after all, your paper currency, like all other values, must submit to be tested by the standard of gold and silver. There is no escape from this law. It pervades the land and the sea wherever commerce has a pathway and civilization has organized exchanges. It is not in the power of Government by the inflation of the currency to increase values, but only prices are thereby increased. Quarrel with these laws if you will, but you cannot change or suspend them. Capital cannot be made by running a printing-press. There is no royal road to its creation—honest labor is the only talisman that can lead to enduring capital and wealth. If the country could make the people rich by the aid of a printing-press, then it ought to be done, and done speedily, for it would be a cruel Government that would refuse on such terms to enrich its people. The foolish experiment has been many times tried in the history of nations, but always with certain failure, disaster and ruin. Thomas Jefferson uttered the judgment of experience, reason and science when he said: 'The truth is, that capital may be produced by industry, and accumulated by economy: but jugglers only will propose to create it by legerdemain tricks with paper.'"

In personal appearance, the new Speaker is tall, thin, and very spare. His face is thin and angular. His eyes, a bluish gray, glint and glow from under a pair of strong, projecting eyebrows. His nose is long, sharp, and quivers, when excited, like a wild man's. The lower part of his face falls away into a sort of lap-robe of a beard of a sandy-brown color.

As an orator suited to the demands of modern times, Kerr made a place for himself in Congress that has not been surpassed by the presence of any other member upon his side of the House. He possessed dauntless courage, and his power of logic made him a most powerful antagonist. His long figure would swing to and fro, his arms swing in the air in the most wonderful manner at times; but the substance of his remarks always overcomes his ungracefulness in capturing interest.

Mr. Kerr resides in unostentatious style at New Albany, Ind. A correspondent recently described his residence, as follows: "It is a comfortable-looking, old-fashioned brick house, with a pleasant yard sloping down to the pavement and facing the south. Opening the door, on which 'M. C. Kerr' is modestly inscribed on a most unpretending silver plate, the interior of the house reveals the man of brains and culture as well as worth. The hall is long and broad, and handsomely fitted up. Opposite the door is the stairway, and to the left is a spacious saloon, probably double parlors when the house was built, but now a grand drawing room, relieved from drawing-room coldness and stiffness by tasteful furniture and well-selected works of art.

addition, that fifty men were employed in dragging it, by means of ropes, through the southern entrance of the Hall on to the main floor. Our artist, with the desire to illustrate the mechanism employed in bringing the various exhibits to their proper destinations, has sketched the scene in Horticultural Hall presented in this Number. The tree, as it was hauled in, was compressed so as to render the locomotion possible; consequently, viewed in that condition, but a very faint idea can be formed of the vastness of its branches, when they are spread, as they will be when exhibited. This specimen of the *Phoenix sylvestris*, or East Indian Wild Date Palm, is twenty feet in width by thirty in height. It belongs to a class of hardiest palms, pre-eminently adapted to greenhouse culture, and decidedly beautiful as outdoor Summer decoration. A similar plant to the above is known as the *Phoenix dactylifera*, whence the dates of commerce are obtained. The flower-spikes are generated among the beans. Male and female flowers are produced on separate plants. The *Phoenix sylvestris* is a native of Africa and tropical Asia, and is a common plant throughout the East Indies.

The specimen that has been obtained for the Exhibi-

gas-jets remain in position, and to them have been added, over several exits, others in the form of arches. At the Fourth Avenue side of the building is the spacious and well-filled Art Gallery. There are the usual features of fairs, such as Rebecca's Well, the Little Old Woman in the Shoe, the Lady of the Lake, a Punch-and-Judy Show, a Creedmoor Rifle Range, grab-bags beyond number, and all kinds of prizes for distribution by raffle and vote.

On the opening evening Governor Tilden, escorted by the Executive Committee, ascended the Music Stand, and after introduction made a speech which was frequently interrupted by applause and indications of approval. The reading of a poem by O. S. Strauss, and music by Gilmore's Band, completed the initiatory programme. Governor Tilden made a tour of the vast building, apparently the most inquisitive among the 5,000 patrons assembled. At the stand where "The Golden Book of Life," a volume devoted to the signatures of contributors to the Hospital Fund, was resting, he gave his autograph, and what was more substantial, a check for \$250. Comptroller Green followed with a \$200 signature. At the Post Office the Governor found an immense number of letters awaiting him, asking for pardons, reprieves and sentences, State and local sinecures, with not a few direct proposals of marriage. He evinced much interest at the Centennial Bazaar during the distribution of prizes, as well as in the Art Gallery, where he criticised the collection with a freedom that would have frightened an artist.

From his admirable address we make the following extracts: "It is now two hundred and twenty years since the first little colony of your race and religion found itself in the city of New York, and although its growth for a long time was slow, in latter times the increase has been so great, that to-day it comprises about 70,000 of the people of this city. It is not in numbers only, it is not in industry and thrift, that this class is distinguished: eminent in all those pursuits which form the strength and glory of a commercial metropolis; useful, good citizens, generally setting examples of social and domestic virtue and morality; distinguished for their respect for parents and their affection for children, their fidelity to marital obligations, and their private and personal virtue, they to-day repay this great commonwealth for the fostering care and equal privileges which, from its outset, it gave freely to them. I believe that this race and creed, persecuted in every clime and every age, first found equality before the law in America, and this great State of New York, to-day comprising almost 5,000,000 of population, first conceded them the rights of American citizenship. While you bear your burdens and your share of all public charities, you take care of your own poor. Therefore this charity commends itself to the encouragement and support of the whole people. I am informed, also, that it is not founded for any nationality or any creed, but that the succor it gives is freely tendered to all poor and all unfortunate, and that at least twenty per cent. of the objects of your benefactions are races and creeds differing from your own."

PAUL MORPHY.

A PROPOS of the announcement of the consignment of Paul Morphy, the once famous chess-player, to an asylum in New Orleans as a hopeless maniac, an interesting sketch of his remarkable career as a chess-player has appeared. For some time he has shown a taint of insanity, and of late years he has had an almost morbid aversion to the game in which he had such world-wide triumphs. When a mere child he showed extraordinary powers in games of skill, and especially in chess. He was trained to the law, receiving a careful education, his family being in affluent circumstances, but, though he gave no prominence to his chess studies, it was soon apparent that no player in this country could contest his superiority at the game. In 1858 he visited Europe and easily conquered the ablest players in England and on the Continent. His remarkable powers in playing from memory blindfold created astonishment. At Paris he played blindfold simultaneously with eight of the ablest players of Europe, won six of the games, the seventh being a draw, and losing only the eighth. His quiet style of playing, refined courtesy of manner and unassuming modesty under his triumphs, also made most favorable impression in European circles. On his return to this country he was naturally a good deal of a hero, but modestly declining to be lionized, he returned to New Orleans, his native city, to enter upon the practice of his profession and the real work of life, which he did not consider chess to be. The wealth of the Morphy family was destroyed by the rebellion, and since that terrible civil convolution Paul has been thrown upon his professional earnings for support.



HON. MICHAEL C. KERR, OF INDIANA, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, OF WASHINGTON,

Through this attractive room I was conducted to the library, so homelike and inviting that it deserves a separate notice. It is so much of an inner room that it is a passageway from the parlor and back hall to the dining-room, but it is also so large that the comings of the family are no interruption to the distinguished man whose desk is drawn up to the fire. The fireplace is in the west wall, and on either side there are great windows overlooking the west, and partially screened by vines. There was a glowing fire in the grate, which, together with the rays of the departing sun, served to throw into bold relief the silent folios of thought which lined and double-lined the walls."

SCENES AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS,
FAIRMOUNT PARK.ARRIVAL OF A SPECIMEN PLANT AT
HORTICULTURAL HALL.

A LARGE and beautiful palm-tree has just been placed in Horticultural Hall, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. So immense in size is this valuable

bition is considered by the Chief of the Horticultural Bureau, Mr. Chas. H. Miller—on whose judgment we can certainly rely—as one of the most magnificent ever brought to this country.

We also present sketches of the buildings of the narrow-gauge railroad, which is to make a circuit of the grounds, to carry visitors from one point to another; and of the planting of trees round the Horticultural Building.

HEBREW CHARITY FAIR.

THE largest fair held in New York city since that for the Sanitary Commission during the war was opened at the Hippodrome on Monday evening, December 6th. It was held under the auspices of several Hebrew Societies, and is for the benefit of the Mount Sinai Hospital. No more attractive building could have been selected for the purpose, nor one so ample in the accommodation for the immense throngs which characterize the benevolent enterprises of our Jewish citizens. Three rows of stands for the display of fancy and useful articles extend around the entire building. The old lines of



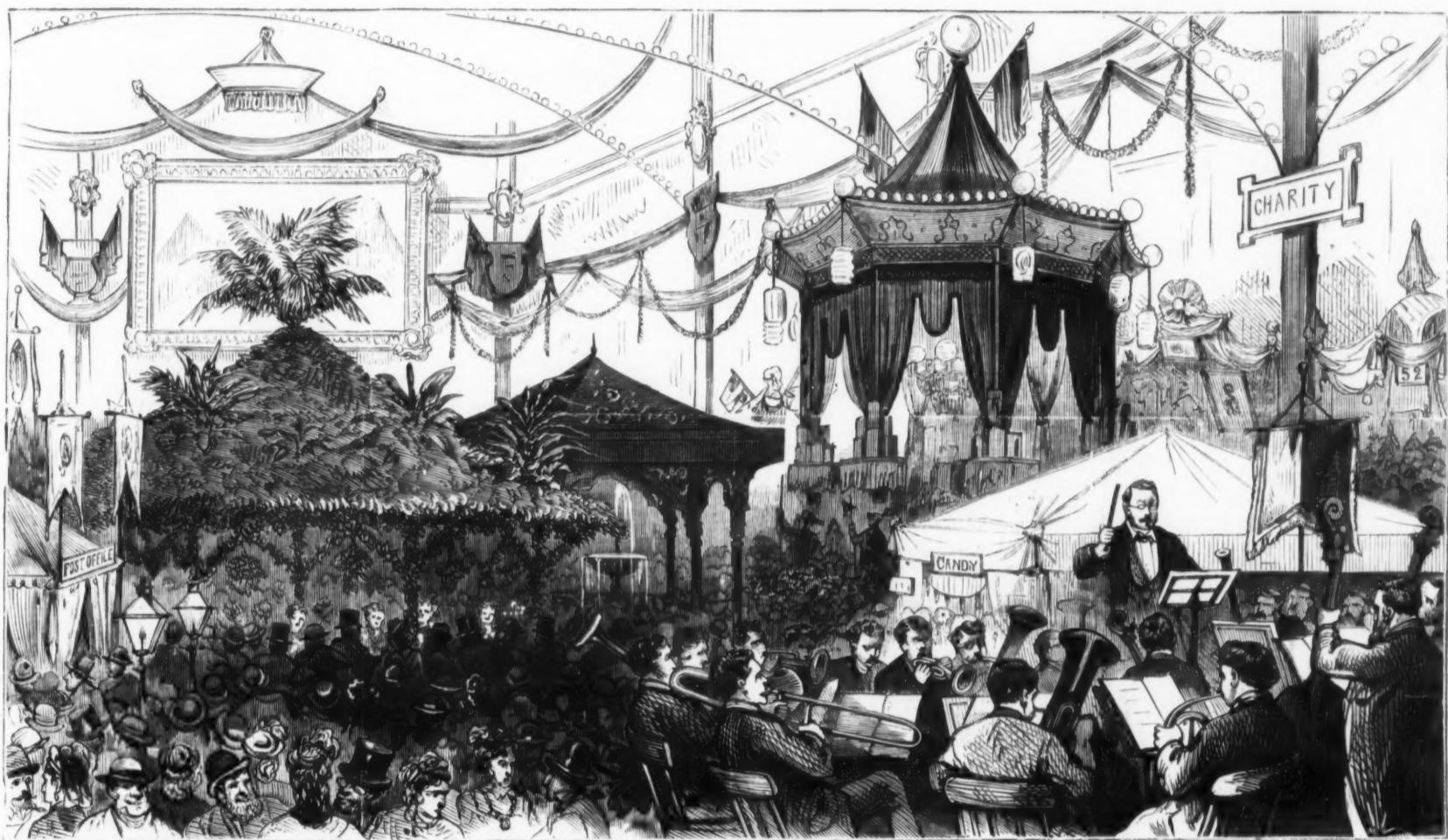
GOVERNOR TILDEN SIGNING HIS NAME IN THE GOLDEN BOOK OF LIFE.



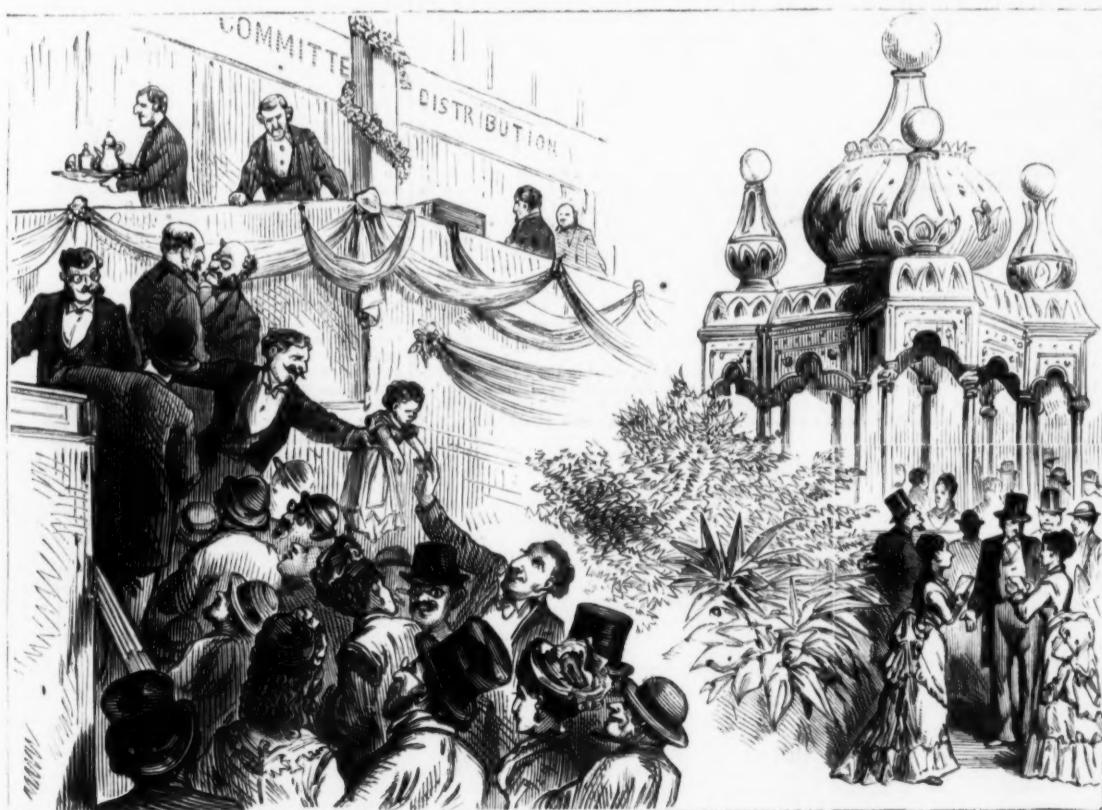
REBECCA AT THE WELL.



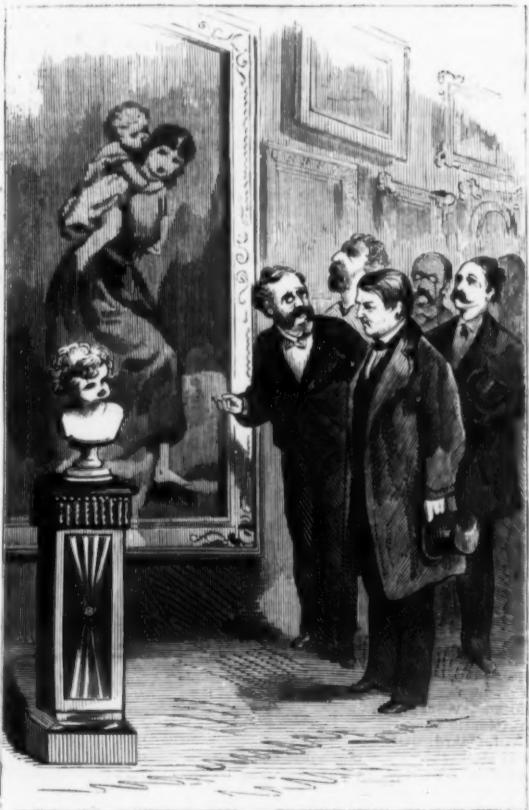
GOVERNOR TILDEN CALLING FOR LETTERS AT THE POST-OFFICE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE FAIR.



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES—CENTENNIAL BAZAAR.



GOVERNOR TILDEN AS AN ART CONNOISSEUR.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE HEBREW FAIR AT GILMORE'S GARDEN, FOURTH AVENUE, BETWEEN TWENTY-SIXTH AND TWENTY-SEVENTH STREETS, IN AID OF THE MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5TH.

THE OLD SORROW.

A LAS for the dreams that I cherished—
For the hopes that have fallen away!
Like a leaf in the green they have perished—
Dying soon, like the violets in May.

On a path that is rugged and lonely,
On a road that's cheerless and long,
Joy has died; and now Duty stands only
To point out the right and the wrong.

But, despite all the laboring and waiting,
Notwithstanding the pain and the tears,
She stills not the heart's empty aching,
She allays not the mind's anxious fears,
Till the soul is grown weary of sighing,
And the feet care no longer to go,
And the heart—oh, it longs to be lying
Where the grass and the white daisies grow.

TWICE IN LOVE.

By H. S.

A NTINOINETTE PIERCE stood on the rough sea-shore and let the east wind blow back her hair from its fastenings and crimson her cheek with its salt breath—stood among the ashes of her affection—upon the grave of her buried love, and said to herself that her heart was dead, her life was lived out. Henceforth and for ever let the world go on, she should have no part or parcel in it. She should not be any more a corpse when the valley cloots should press down her coffin-lid and the grass should have grown green on her grave than she was now.

Thus many of us have reached periods in our lives when we have thought just so, when we smiled bitterly at the bare possibility of a second love springing from the gray ashes of a first—when we were willing to die, not because we hoped for something better and brighter beyond, but from sheer despair and hatred of existence—when we saw in the hand of a merciful Creator only the revengeful instrument of a cruel sovereign.

Three days before this gloomy Autumnal evening Antoinette had stood in a grand old cathedral and seen Harold Lennard married to Melicent Ross.

She had not lost a single detail of the ceremony, or failed to notice every tasteful arrangement of the toilet of the beautiful bride. The sheen of the glossy white silk, with its delicate point-lace flounces, the flimsy cloud of the veil which could not wholly conceal the bright gold of the rippling hair beneath, the graceful bend of the swan-like neck as Melicent bowed before the clergyman and breathed the words which made her Harold Lennard's for life, the glitter of the diamond engagement-ring on the white forefinger, the self-same ring she had once worn so proudly and kissed so tenderly over and over again because she loved so well the giver. She noticed the lovely tinge of pink on the bride's cheek, thought how soon his kisses would change it to crimson, and then, going back to herself, wondered how long it would take for one to die of a broken heart.

People who had known of Antoinette's engagement to Mr. Lennard said, after looking at the cold, indifferent face she wore at his wedding, what a feelingless piece of beautiful statuary Miss Pierce was—they wondered if she had any capability for suffering or enjoying. How often the world says that, or something like it, of people who feel more in one moment than those same wise critics feel in all their lives. For the deeper and stronger the feelings, the more jealously are they kept from giving any outward sign. Be sure of that.

Antoinette had loved Harold Lennard with all the pure, strong force of her nature. She had not fraternized away her heart in scores of flirtations, as many women do; she had reached the age of twenty-five, and never loved—so that was her first love.

Her beauty and grace fascinated Mr. Lennard, and there was to him something delightfully flattering in the single-hearted devotion she gave to him. He knew that she had been greatly admired in society, that her love had been often sought, and he felt a certain pride in having won where others had failed. He thought he loved her, but he confessed to himself that he did not understand her. It was not her fault that he did not, I suppose. He could not help his shallow nature.

The sluggish brook, gathering its stagnant water from miry swamps and malarious quagmires, cannot be blamed because it is not a strong, sparkling, enterprising river giving joy wherever it flows; and I do not know as a dawdling, unstable, shallow-hearted man is to blame that he was not born with a spirit worth possessing.

Why Antoinette had ever loved him only the fates can tell. It was one of these incongruous occurrences which predispose one to think that the world is governed by chance. The noblest and best women generally love the most unworthy men, and who can account for it? I am not a philosopher, so I leave the subject. It is too deep altogether for my capacity.

I might make a volume out of Antoinette Pierce's history, but I am going to condense it into the briefest possible space. Therefore I give you the story of her connection with Lennard in a few words.

They had met at a watering-place, fallen in love, and had been three months engaged when Melicent Ross came on a visit to Rosedale.

Miss Ross's mother was cousin of Mr. Lennard's stepmother, and the young girl was domesticated at his home.

He saw her constantly, and his fickle nature was attracted by her girlish loveliness. For she was lovely—in altogether a different way from Antoinette. Melicent was fair and blonde, with soft blue eyes and fine hair like spun gold. Antoinette was dark and tropical, her eyes were deep fountains of darkness and feeling, and her hair, save when it caught the sunshine, dusky as night.

He could understand Melicent. She never had any moods when he was afraid of her, she never looked at him with eyes whose depths he could not fathom, she never thrilled with feelings and emotions with which he could have no sympathy, because incapable of understanding anything which was not material.

A month of her society led him away captive. His engagement to Antoinette galled him like a chain, but he was ashamed to ask to be released.

Chance revealed to Miss Pierce what her betrothed had not manhood enough to confess to her. There was a little picnic in the grove at the back of Rosedale, and, straying away from the others, Antoinette came suddenly upon Melicent Ross and Mr. Lennard. His arm was around her waist, he was kissing the scarlet lips lifted to meet the caress. Antoinette caught the low, whispered words "My darling, my little darling."

Then, stricken to the heart, staggering like one who had received a deathblow, she tottered away. Into the deep shadows of the forest she wandered, and lay down with her hot face in the cool green softness of the mossy turf. There she fought her battle and conquered herself.

Not for worlds would she have accepted Lennard's love now, if he had turned to her and besought her on his bended knees. It was enough for her to know that he had swerved from his allegiance.

She sent him a cold little note, very brief, and to the point. She knew of his unfaithfulness; she gave him his liberty and bade him farewell.

Six weeks afterwards he was married to Melicent Ross.

Miss Pierce lived on her aimless life for two years, traveling hither and thither, and finding nothing satisfying anywhere.

She was not wealthy, but she had an income which kept her handsomely, and there was no necessity for her to work. Still she craved labor, and, greatly to the disgust of the fashionable world in which she moved, she decided to accept a place as teacher in a seminary.

She had been two months domesticated as a boarder in the family of Mr. Trevlyn, when Clyde, his only son, returned from a continental tour.

At the first interview these two people understood each other thoroughly. They talked of the last new book, admired the rich landscape glowing beneath a Summer sun, and acknowledged the kinship of their souls.

Day after day she met him, and life grew strangely sweet and dear to them both. She dreamed of him by night, and awoke in the morning thrilling with a subtle delight which the thought of none other had ever brought to her.

Still she closed her eyes resolutely to the truth, and said to conscience, which was disposed to accuse her of sickliness, that she only found in Mr. Trevlyn a pleasant companion of the passing hour.

But she felt the hot blood leap to her face at his coming, she thrilled at the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand, she felt in every nerve the exquisite magnetism of his presence.

She saw his dark eye kindle when she approached, she noted the softened inflection of his voice, and saw that his hand trembled and his color came and went like a woman's when she was near him.

But still she said he was nothing to her; and she believed it, until, like a thunderbolt, a single remark of Mrs. Trevlyn fell on her ear:

"I suppose Clyde and Alicia Hastings will be married in the Autumn," said the gentle old lady, stopping to count the stitches in the soft crimson stocking she was knitting for a little niece. "They have been engaged ever since they were children, and Mrs. Hastings died last week, so Alice is without a protector."

Antoinette made some reply, she never knew what, and escaped to her chamber.

Then she knew the whole truth. There must be no more idle subterfuge, no more compromising with the heart. Better, ay, stronger tenfold, than she had ever loved Harold Lennard, she loved this man, Trevlyn, and he was on the eve of marriage with him.

Her school had closed its first term that day, and she had thought to take charge of it the next term, but now it would be impossible.

She packed her trunk, wrote a note to the trustees, bade the wondering Mrs. Trevlyn good-bye, and was far away when Clyde Trevlyn returned from London, whither he had gone.

Antoinette found a quiet place near the sea which suited her, and there in Scarborough she bought a house and settled for life.

There was nothing for her to do but to accept her destiny.

A year after her departure from the Trevlyn mansion she saw a notice in a newspaper of Clyde's marriage with Alicia Hastings.

Later she met a lady she had known while teaching in the seminary, and learned, among quantities of other gossip, that Alicia was self-willed and fault-finding—that she did not love her husband, and that Clyde Trevlyn was as unhappy as possible in his domestic relations, though he bore it bravely, and gave no sign.

Another year went by, and one dark, stormy night the wind drove a wreck ashore a little way below Miss Pierce's house.

They brought some of the sufferers to her cottage.

Among them was one the sight of whom made Antoinette's heart stand still and her strength go away from her in a sudden ebb of dread apprehension.

Recovering herself, she did for Clyde Trevlyn what she could. His arm was broken—she held his head while the surgeon set the bone—she fanned him and bathed his forehead and administered to him a soothing draught of medicine, just as she did for the scarred old veteran in the next room, who smelt of tar, and swore roundly at her for meddling with him.

Trevlyn was, perchance, Miss Pierce's guest for some time, but each avoided always the other's eyes, and maintained only the cool politeness of two people who were next to strangers. Both instinctively kept away from the dangerous ground of anything like friendship.

Once, when Trevlyn slept, Antoinette yielded for an instant to the passionate love which seemed eating out her life. She knelt beside him and kissed his forehead.

"Oh, Clyde! Clyde!" she cried, in her bitter despair. "Heaven pity me!"

He opened his eyes, and in one swift glance read her soul as she read his. After that there could be no secrecy between them.

He put out his arm and drew her passionately to his breast. All his love and despair gushed forth in the one stilled word:

"Antoinette!"

His lips were on hers—she felt the strong beating of his heart—felt through all her being the man's strong shudder of anguish as she tore herself away, and, hurrying from the room, she shut herself in her chamber, and never went into his presence again while he remained in her keeper.

Mrs. Danbury, her housekeeper, cared for him, and Clyde, understanding it all, knowing it was best so, asked no questions.

A telegram came to him the very day he was to set forth for home, brief and alarming as telegrams usually are:

"Your wife is ill. Come home."

He went away, and Antoinette neither saw nor heard from him for a year. At the end of that time he came to her.

It was Summer, and it was evening—a dusky Summer evening, the air sweet with smells of briar-rose and musical with songs of nightingales.

He found her down on the shore watching the tide come in.

Without a word he folded her in his arms, kissed her cheeks and lips and dew-wet hair, and she never questioned his right.

By-and-by he told her. Alicia had been dead a year, and now he wanted his happiness.

What more is there to write?

Nothing.

To some blessed lives there comes consummation of desire even in this world, from some hearts reward is not withheld.

Heaven help all who have to stand without and look through barred gateways at the light and warmth and glory which shine for others, but never for them.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

SOME few years ago I was a resident in Hong-Kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related one Winter's evening—for even in China there is a Winter—around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them. Our number consisted of eight persons: and after a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against their being any truth in dreams stood about equal, Captain Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe; and after mixing for himself a glass of punch, the captain related the following story as nearly as I can remember:

"It is now, gentlemen, some ten years ago since

I was first-mate of the opium schooner *Wild Dayrell*.

We were lying in Hong-Kong harbor at the time, preparatory to sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then—and, for the matter of that, now—there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of thirty thousand dollars in syce, one hundred and fifty chests of Patna and two hundred chests of Malwa opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong-Kong or Shanghai, but upon which we turned a good round sum. Captain Wilkes—whom I think you all know, gentlemen—commanded her, and had made many a voyage, and run many a risk for his owners, to the same place. At about four o'clock in the afternoon the captain left me to go on shore; but just as he was stepping into the boat, he cried out:

"Topham! Upon second thoughts, I sha'n't stay

on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas's to dine; and as, in all probability,

it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about eleven."

"Very well, sir," I answered; and then turned to see that everything was all right for the morning.

"At six o'clock I and the second-officer had tea; and after tea he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo, and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen, in place of the mongrel crew we then had. Our crew consisted, by-the-way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, second-officer and two sailors, were Englishmen; a Lascar; two Manilla men, two Malays, and two Chinamen, as seamen; a Chinese cook, and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen souls. At about eight o'clock the second-officer had retired for the night, and had left me alone on the poop. I well remember how my thoughts then ran. I revolved in my mind the conversation that I had had with Mr. Spencer, the second-officer, respecting the immense value of our cargo, and the risk that we ran, both from our own crew, should they turn traitors, and also from the hordes of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gunboats, and the havoc that they make of them whenever they come within range.

"Well, gentlemen, upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother from whom I had received a letter by the last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

"I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbor. Their movements I did not at all like, and leaning on the taiflail, I watched them until they were lost in the darkness. I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taiflail—about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one behind me endeavoring to throw me overboard. I am by no means a light-weight, gentlemen, as you can see, weighing, I should say, then, sixteen stone; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped, and lay upon the deck in my power. Without a thought, without a moment's hesitation, I laid hold of him by the trowsers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his pigtail by the other, and threw him overboard. After I had accomplished this, I made for the cuddy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr. Spencer's cabin; but upon trying the door, found it locked! I gave one or two good kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his berth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the outside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in. There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"Why, Mr. Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death."

"I told him all that had happened, and likewise

my suspicions that we had not seen the end of the

affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, whilst I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors whom we could depend upon, and bring them aft to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr. Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion, when, in the shade, I thought I descried a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the steward, I called out to him by name, "A Tong!" but no reply came; when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward; in which belief I was not long left in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr. Spencer's cabin, to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance; and there, not four feet from where I stood, were some five or six as villainous-looking Chinamen as I had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboos about ten feet long, and others with swords. In an instant I had sprung into the cabin and closed and bolted the door. With a yell, the whole gang made one simultaneous rush towards the door; but they had missed their mark by a second. I had planted my back against the door, and, thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, I knew must at once be resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr.

Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two trunks on top of them, we patiently waited the coming events. Spencer, very fortunately, had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack. One voice I heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was, without a doubt, A Tong, our much respected steward! From the little Chinese I was acquainted with, I gathered that they were bent upon the treasure, which had come on board from the Oriental Bank only that afternoon. It had safely stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in one of Milner's fire and thief-proof safes.

"They proceeded to the captain's cabin; but in

a very short time returned, and, knocking at the door with their bamboos, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we had no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would sell our lives dearly. Oh, how we longed for eleven o'clock, for Captain Wilkes's return! How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen! We heard four

"But," I asked, "what time did Captain Wilkes arrive on board the *Wild Dayrell*? it was some time after ten o'clock—or that I am sure."

"Yes," he replied, "I believe it was just half-past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him, *but not from his own*, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the same time he took no notice of them; but there is no doubt, he thinks, that these very boats contained the gang."

"But did they succeed in obtaining any of the treasure?" I again asked.

"No; not a cent of it, thanks to Chubb. They had tried to pick the lock; but when they found that they could not succeed in that, they tried gunpowder, but with the same result. The two English seamen were found tied in their bunks, and quite drunk. They acknowledged that the steward had given them three bottles of brandy early in the evening, as a present; and they made good use of it, for they were half-drunk the next morning. The rest of the crew were too much afraid of their own necks to offer any resistance or give the alarm. The *Wild Dayrell* sailed a couple of days afterwards, but with a fresh crew." And so ended Charley's account.

"About a week after this conversation," continued the narrator, "I appeared at the police-court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the High Court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy; and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each."

RINGING ROCKS.

LEAVING Philadelphia by the Reading Road, we were borne swiftly along the banks of the Schuylkill for an hour and a half, and then left the train at the Pottstown Station, to spend some weeks in that pretty and interesting little town.

Pottstown is adorned by many beautiful residences, made wonderfully attractive to strangers by the neatly kept grounds surrounding them, and the flowering shrubs that partly veil their open windows from the eyes of the curious. These lovely dwellings are on the main street, while the back streets are built up by small, cozy-looking houses, the homes of the families of the men employed in the Pottstown Iron Works. These Iron Works are very interesting to the sight-seer, for here one finds what wonders the inventive genius of man has performed as he watches the red-hot iron, rolled into sheets as if it were so much putty in the hands of a child, cut into strips by mammoth scissors, and then converted into nails of all sizes; and these marvelous feats all performed by machinery—machinery planned by the mind of man and by his hands created, endowed with motive power by steam, which has become the slave of man's will, and rapidly performing the tasks imposed upon it as if it labored for some great reward. All this has the intellect of man accomplished, and I could not but ask myself what is it that he cannot do? The question was quickly and satisfactorily answered by the natural phenomenon of the place, that silently spoke of a power that could tear asunder this great earth itself, and give a voice to the rocks hid in its bosom that they might sing or moan when smitten.

We were invited to visit the Ringing Rocks, and drove about three miles into the country, expecting to see a desolate-looking field, thickly studded with echoing rocks. Great was our surprise when, after climbing a fence and forcing our way through a skirt of wood filled with undergrowth, we suddenly found ourselves launched on a lake of jagged rocks, and plunging about on the crests of sharp stony waves that for centuries have hidden the dark earth beneath them. Like a little island sea lies this bed of rocks covering more than a quarter of an acre of ground, depressed in the centre and towering up like breakers on one side of the wood by which it is surrounded. The rocks are of different shapes and sizes, tossed together and piled up here as if a mountain of stone had exploded and scattered its broken fragments in one great mass upon this hapless spot of earth thus doomed never again to behold the light of day—for you may look in vain between the crevices of the rocks for a glimpse of ground—you see nothing except other rocks on which these are balanced so daintily that you fear the monsters will roll over as you step upon their sharp edges. We found it hard to climb up and down from one boulder to another, but our youthful companion, more familiar with the spot, bounded like a chamois from rock to rock, striking them as she went with a hammer. Instead of the echo I had anticipated, I heard from each rock a voice of its own that rang out sharp and clear, or soft and muffled, or dull and sepulchral, in reply to the blow given it, just as its own individual nature seemed to dictate. If all could be struck at once, they would form an "avil chorus" never to be equaled by art. This anvil tone of the rocks is an evidence of a considerable amount of iron in their composition. One with any imagination can see a variety of forms in these immense boulders. Here, stands a headstone, taken from some ancient grave; there, is the huge pulpit of some giant orator; and further on, is a table on end—upset, perhaps, by riotous guests, the prints of whose horses' hoofs are deeply marked in two of the rocks. These hoof-prints require no imagination on the part of the spectator to recognize. The majority of these boulders are rough and jagged—shapeless, we might term them, if anything could exist with out shape.

There are two theories concerning the origin of these rocks. One is, that they are the result of a meteoric shower. The other, that they were thrown up from the bosom of the earth, and massed together thus by some volcanic eruption. This seems the more probable explanation of the two. Geologists may speculate on the subject of the formation of this rocky desert, dropped in the midst of a fair, fertile country, and may give scientific reasons for the sweet, sad or dreary voices that answer the blows of the hammer upon their stony faces; but after listening to the explanation of the learned, the mystery of the rocks that sing and moan remains a mystery still. And among the American curiosities at the Centennial Exhibition, is to be one of these Ringing Rocks. Torn from its native solitude, it will utter its complaint, in clear, ringing tones, to listeners collected from every country in the world.

A CALIFORNIAN ARITHMETICIAN IN LONDON.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of the new street characters which have become familiar to Londoners is the Californian "Professor of Arithmetic." He may fairly be regarded as the king of street traders. Selecting the end of a street abutting on some large but comparatively quiet thoroughfare, such as the Pentonville Road, he drives up, about a couple of hours before dusk, in a

handsomely appointed open brougham, driven by a negro servant in blue livery, with gold-laced hat and top-boots, in accordance with transatlantic fashion. He is accompanied by a lady somewhat elegantly attired, who plays with a large poodle dog which occupies a seat beside the driver. Our professor, who is an intelligent-looking man, apparently about forty years of age, and attired in a tweed tourist suit, commences his proceedings by opening a small traveling-bag, with plated fittings, and producing therefrom a small American flag, which he ties to the top of his driver's whip, which is thus made to answer the purpose of an extempore flag-staff. Of course this speedily attracts a crowd, who gaze with mingled perplexity and interest at the professor, having hoisted the stars and stripes, returns to his bag, from which he next produces sundry mysterious-looking pieces of wood, which, being fitted together, forms a large sized easel, which the professor places against the driver's seat. The curiosity of the spectators is now awakened to the highest pitch, but the professor does not hurry his movements on this account. With great deliberation he produces what seems to be a large folding chess-board, but which, when opened, forms a black drawing-board. This he places on the easel. Then, removing his hat and taking a piece of chalk in his hand, he announces that he has discovered a wonderful system of calculation, whereby a student might learn more in a few hours than in as many years by the ordinary method.

The professor is a fluent speaker, despite the many Yankee idioms which flavor his discourse, and it is wonderful how he contrives to gain the interest of his hearers in what is ordinarily regarded as one of the dullest possible subjects. He dilates on the many advantages arising from a knowledge of figures, maintaining that an ignorance of arithmetic is one of the principal causes of low wages, and illustrating his arguments with numerous anecdotes which seem to be much relished by his hearers. He then, with the assistance of chalk diagrams on the black-board, describes his system for learning arithmetic in a few hours, and offers for sale a number of handbooks containing a full account of his method. Although the price of these handbooks is one shilling each, they find a ready sale, and it is amusing to note the disappointed expression on the features of those who do not possess the requisite sum. The system advocated by the professor is ingenious, if not novel. It is a kind of short-hand arithmetic, and very useful in its way, as a rough-and-ready mode of calculation. But the most singular feature of the whole affair is the evident popularity of the professor. After he has related one of his anecdotes, for instance, that of a poor, ragged lad, who, by means of his knowledge of figures, was enabled to work his way up to a position of comparative independence, there is observable a disposition to give a loud cheer. But the professor never detains his auditory too long. When he has sold about two or three score of his shilling books, he bids his hearers farewell, takes down the easel, restores the American flag to its place in his traveling-bag, and drives away in the direction of Mayfair.

A GREAT FLOWER-GARDEN.

YOU have heard of old bachelors' whims. There are lots of them on record, but Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, has given practical execution to the most remarkable bachelor's crotchet of the age. He is a Scotchman, a millionaire, and some seventy-five years old. He has constructed the finest flower-garden in the world. It has three hundred and fifty acres in it, and is a gorgeous marvel of a garden. It has all the flowers in it that are obtainable in the world, that will live in St. Louis climate. It is a bewildering paradise of floral beauty. The flowers number by the millions. Its cost no one can tell, Shaw himself don't know. It is threaded by walks, and adorned with conservatories and hot-houses full of the rarest exotics. A force of one hundred gardeners is needed to keep the place in order.

Shaw, it is said, spends his entire income from his millions in keeping it up. He began the thing after the war, and for several years has opened it to the public. Hundreds of thousands of visitors resort to it. It is the chief attraction and curiosity for the stranger in St. Louis to visit. And, strange to say, no police guard it, and no flowers are pilfered. This is the public's reverence to the man's generous enterprise.

There is a charming house at the head of the garden, where a splendid picture of Shaw represents him standing among his flowers. Two fine portraits of beautiful ladies in the garb of a past day, represent some of his female progenitors. A huge book is kept there for visitors to record their names in. A curious feature of the garden is beds devoted to one flower. For instance, there is a large bed with every variety of cactus; another with hundreds of verbenas, and so on. Everything is in prodigal confusion. It is a curious notion this, that prompts a rich man to devote a great income to one pet caprice, and that principally for the benefit of others. But, in this very caprice, so unusual and so expensive, is wrapped up his own personal aspiration. He thus makes his celebrity. And why should a man not strive to become known through his mammoth gardens as well as through his statesmanship or achievements of arms or genius.

Shaw is near his grave. He has, in pursuance of his ambition, willed his gardens to the city, on condition that the city binds itself to keep them up. The city has eagerly accepted the bequest, and thus, through private liberality gets, without cost, a public garden not surpassed in the world for magnificence and beauty. The garden will for ever be dubbed "Shaw's Garden," and he thus travels on to immortality in the successful realization of his stupendous and most beautiful crotchet.

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

THE *Western Morning News* correspondent at Zanzibar reports large captures of slaves. The *London* and her boats during the last two months has captured no fewer than seven dhows. The *Theta* was lucky enough to fall in with and capture a valuable prize between Madagascar and Mozambique—a dhow, crammed with slaves. The sight on board this vessel was one which language fails to describe adequately, for, after taking from the vessel fifty-five Arabs and crew, fifty-three male and sixty-one female slaves, there remained 136 little children who had been packed, without exaggeration, like herrings in a cask. They had been three days from a river (Moma) which had been so diligently searched that 305 souls were found in a vessel not capable of carrying comparatively more than 100. The slave-trade is as rampant as ever, the Sultan's visit to England having the curious effect of increasing it, for the reason that nearly all the Arab planters, especially those of Pemba and the mainland, have somehow imbibed the idea that the main object of the Sultan's visit was to petition the Queen to allow him to import a large number of raw slaves on account of the scarcity of laborers in the plantations.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF MARINE is establishing at the Depot of Maps a new office for meteorology, which will be in some respects in connection with the Meteorological Office of the National Observatory. It will be placed under the control of Captain Monchouz.

A COMPARATIVE TRIAL of the relative advantages of dynamite, gun-cotton and gunpowder, was recently made at the railway-tunnel works under Clifton Down, with the result of showing that dynamite is much superior to either gun-cotton or gunpowder.

THE NUMEROUS REPORTS as to the occurrence of a remarkable marine animal on the coast of New England during the past summer have induced the Boston Society of Natural History to prepare and distribute a circular calling for information on the subject.

THE PARISIANS are beginning to talk anew about an underground railway in their city. They began the process soon after the establishment of the one in London, but now they think they must have it, and accordingly plans are being prepared for submission to the authorities.

FORTY-SIX CHESTS FILLED WITH PHOENICIAN ANTIQUITIES, collected in Tunis, by M. de Sainte Marie, were on board the *Magenta* at the time of the explosion on that vessel. Not less than 2,082 Phoenician inscriptions were in the collection. Fifteen of the chests have already been recovered from the wreck.

THE GERMAN CHEMISTS have succeeded in preparing an artificial vanilla, possessing the same composition and properties as true vanilla, from a resin obtained from the cambium of coniferous trees. This artificial body is sold largely in Germany for the true article, its price being only two thirds that of real vanilla essence.

AN IMPORTANT WORK ON THE ZOOLOGY OF EASTERN ASIA will appear in Russia before the close of the current year. It will comprise the results of the journey undertaken by Colonel Przevalski in Western China, and it will include descriptions of many new and interesting species. It is not improbable that a translation will be published in England.

A BALLOON ASCENT to ascertain the possibility of a precise aim with projectiles from a great height has been made by M. Eugène Godard at Rethme. M. Godard and two officers floated at a height of about 3,600 feet, and were perfectly successful in hitting any prominent given object, such as a road, a canal, etc., with stones and empty bottles.

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO PALESTINE has not begun well. One of them, Mr. Van Dyk, has been invalided to Beyrouth with bronchitis; and another, Mr. Trent, has had a very narrow escape from fever. He is still lying ill in Jerusalem, but, it is hoped, is in a fair way to recovery. This reduces the party to three, Colonel Lane, Mr. Merrill, and one assistant.

THE PARIS ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY has received a quantity of seeds of *Reaumur luxurians*, a grass from Guatimala, said to be of value as a forage plant. According to M. de Maisonneuve, a single tuft will supply an ox with food for a day. In its native country it is a perennial plant forming enormous tufts; the leaves resemble those of Indian corn, but are much broader.

DR. BURKHARDT, Director of the National Museum of Bueno Ayres, has in course of preparation a complete scientific description of the Argentine Republic. The first volume, containing the history and geography, is already in the press. The second, containing the meteorology, physical geography, and biology, is in preparation. The work is in German, but the Argentine Government has undertaken a French translation of it.

THE OFFICERS AND MEN who have proceeded on the British Arctic Expedition are for the most part men of fair complexion. The crews were selected thus: A large cube of ice was placed in a tub, and as each man presented himself he was directed to stand with bare feet on the ice, whilst particulars were taken of his age and experience. The time when diastemas were clearly evinced was carefully noted, and the most enduring men were secured.

A NEW DRINK to supply the place of gruel or barley-water is recommended by the *Times of India*—"congee-water," or the liquor in which rice has been boiled. This drink has three excellent qualities—it becomes impregnated with the properties of the rice boiled in it, and thus satisfies hunger; it quenches thirst, and is a capital draught in fever-attack; and lastly, when taken warm in bed, "congee-water" is good for bad colds and influenza.

CAPTAIN SOUTER, of the British ship *Intrepid*, from the Davis Straits whale-fishing, reports that while anchored in Isabella Bay on the 13th of August he found it necessary, in consequence of the great body of ice coming down, to proceed on shore. After sailing some distance he came into a fine comodious natural harbor, not marked in the charts. There was nothing to show that it had ever been entered before. Captain Souter and other officers left in a cairn a writing, indicating the discovery. Splendid water was found.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE (SYDENHAM) COMPANY'S SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING is to be further developed this season by the addition of a Colonial Section. This section is designed for gentlemen who intend to proceed to the colonies or abroad, as explorers or settlers. The object proposed is to afford them so much practical knowledge of scientific and mechanical work and expedients as shall enable them best to utilize the means with which they may have to deal, especially when entirely dependent on their own resources. The Colonial Section will be opened on January 5th, 1876.

A CURIOUS LITTLE CIRCULAR SAILING YACHT, twenty feet in diameter, has been built by a young officer of the Russian Navy to show that the circular form is not by any means so adverse as many suppose. She is cutter rigged, with a very taut mast, and has great speed under canvas in combination with an altogether unequalled power of staying and wearing. She is perfectly round like a tea saucer, and, having great stability, can carry, almost without inclination, all the canvas which it is possible to spread upon her. She is consequently very fast, and extremely handy withal.

THE WEATHER BUREAU has issued a circular to all coast stations, directing the local observers to take the co-operation of the steamship companies in securing connected observation between this country and Europe, in order to collect information as to the passage of storms across the Atlantic. The plan is to have the sea captains take one observation per day (at 7:35 A.M. Washington mean time), and send the result to Washington. If the observations showed that a cyclone was likely to sweep across the southerly course, a cable dispatch could be sent warning vessels to take the northerly route, or perhaps preventing their starting from port. Many disasters, it is hoped, might thus be prevented.

A GAS GUN has been lately invented for fog-signals, consisting of an iron tube, connected with a gas holder, filled with one-quarter air and the remainder coal-gas and oxygen; it is simple and very cheap. The most powerful artificial light used to penetrate fog is at the Souter Point Lighthouse, on the English coast, near the mouth of the Tyne. An electric spark passes between slender pencils of carbon and consumes them at the rate of one inch per hour. The electric current is generated by Prof. Holmes's patent rotary magnetic electric machines, driven by six-horse power engines. The light will cast a shadow on deck of vessels several miles distant, and is eight times as powerful as the best American fixed lights.

PERSONAL Gossip.

REV. MR. TOWNSEND, the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, in a popular divine of Washington City, formerly from Connecticut. He is the Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation.

A MONUMENT to Robert Bruce will probably soon be erected on Castle Hill, of Stirling, Scotland, overlooking Bannockburn, where Bruce routed the English. It will be in the form of a statue, and will be designed by Mr. George Cruikshank.

M. HENRI DE BORNIER, the celebrated dramatic author, has declared himself a candidate for the seat of the late M. de Remusat, in the French Academy. M. Jules Simon will be his rival for this distinction, and the election is expected to take place shortly.

THE conferring of the freedom of the City of London on Sir George B. Airy, the Astronomer Royal and late President of the Royal Society, was the first instance in which that honor has been bestowed for scientific services unconnected with military or engineering science.

MR. JOHN G. THOMPSON, the new Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, is a prominent citizen of Ohio; has been Chairman of the Democratic State Committee for number of years, is in the prime of life, and is an active, energetic man, of popular and agreeable manners.

MR. FITZHUGH, the Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, is a citizen of Texas, and is well-known in that section. He was Sergeant-at-Arms to the Confederate Congress. He will have the disposition of more patronage than any of the other officers, having some very good places in his gift.

IT is proposed to change the name of the Rue Neuve-des-Martyrs to that of Rue Corot; and it is also announced that a street in the eighth arrondissement will hereafter be called Rue Carpeaux. A subscription has lately been opened with the object of erecting a monument to the memory of that great sculptor.

THE story of the last House organized by the Democrats in 1857, and that of the succeeding Pennington contest in 1859-60, reads like bits of ancient history. Sumner, Hale, Wilson, Douglas, Seward, Toombs, Jeff Davis, were in the Senate; Burlingame and Charles Francis Adams in the House; and the John Brown raid and slavery in the Territories the questions in discussion.

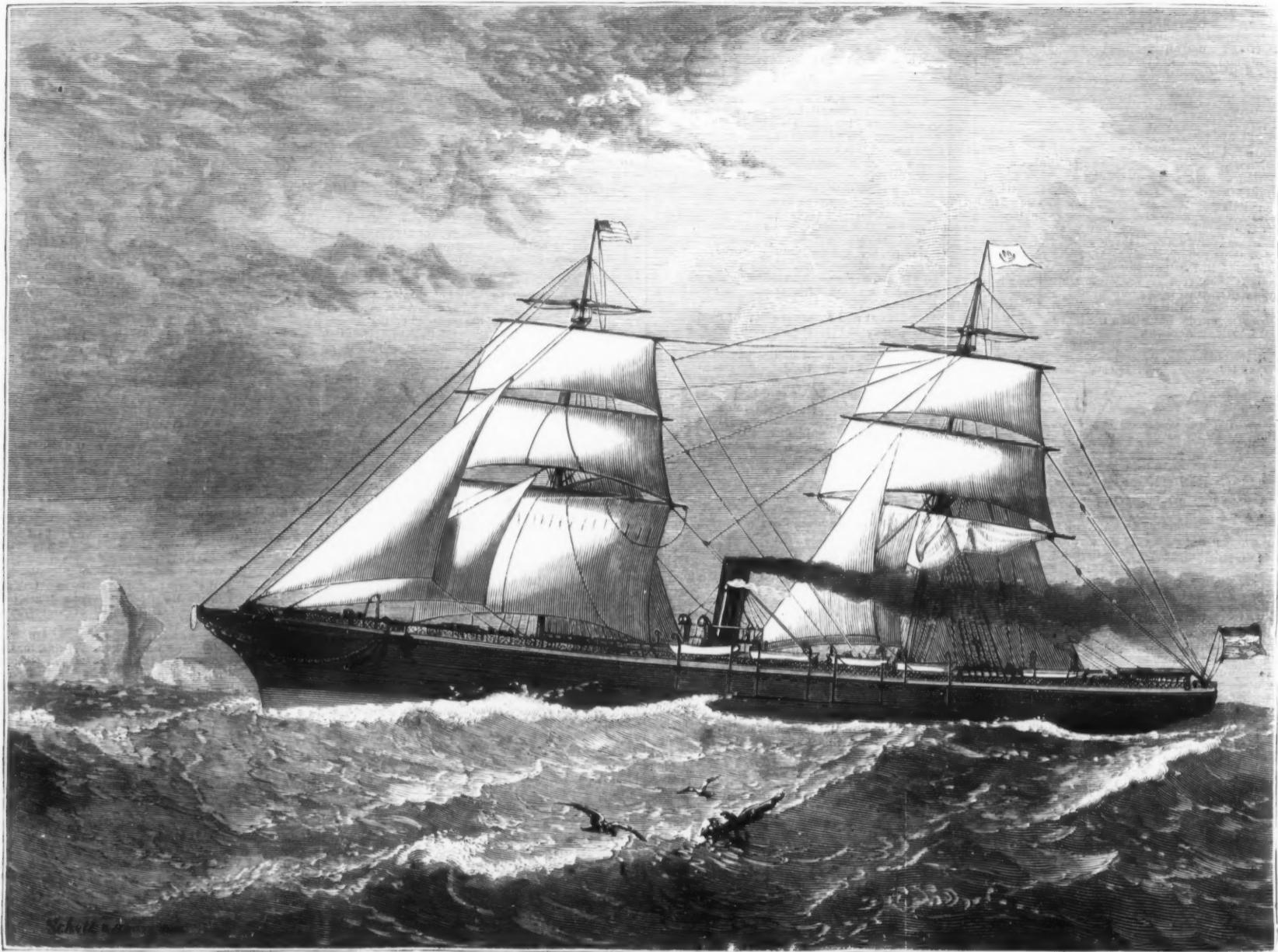
THE PRINCESS FELIX Salm Salm—the American lady whose husband fought for the Union in America, for the Empire in Mexico, and was killed in the Franco-German war—now has on the eve of publication in London a work which bitterly denounces Bazaine, who commanded the French army of invasion in Mexico in 1864-5, and declares that he was the occasion of all the misfortunes which befall Maximilian.

M. CHARNOD, a young sculptor of recognized merit, has been charged by the Ministry of Fine Arts with the care of repairing the statue of Napoleon I, overthrown, with the Vendome Column, by order of the Commune. To M. Mercié, author of a work much remarked and admired at one of the recent art exhibitions, has been intrusted the making of a statue of Victory, to replace that held in the hand of the Emperor, which was broken in the fall.

THE Haarlem publishing-house of Kruseman & Tjeenk Willink, have in press "Zes Maanden in Amerika," from the pen of M. Cohen Stuart, D.D., of Utrecht. The author describes in a series of letters the impressions of religion, literature and society in the United States, derived from a lengthened tour on the occasion of the Evangelical Alliance Congress in New York; giving considerable space to the educational institutions of the North. The work is in German, but the Argentine Government has undertaken a French translation of it.

CAPTAIN JAMES M. STEWART, the Postmaster of the House of Representatives, is a native of Alexandria, Va. He emigrated to St. Louis when quite a young man, and accompanied General Price in the New Mexican expedition during the Mexican War. He afterwards located himself at Tuolumne County, Cal., and served as sheriff until the breaking out of the late war, when he left California and rode on horseback through Mexico to the Rio Grande, and was, on his arrival at Richmond, chosen captain of one of the Alexandrian companies in the Confederate service. At the close of the war he returned to Alexandria, and was soon elected City Sergeant by a vote substantially unanimous. He resigned before the close of his term, and has since been engaged in settling up the business. No man has ever been so popular in his native town as he. He is over six feet in height and well built in proportion.

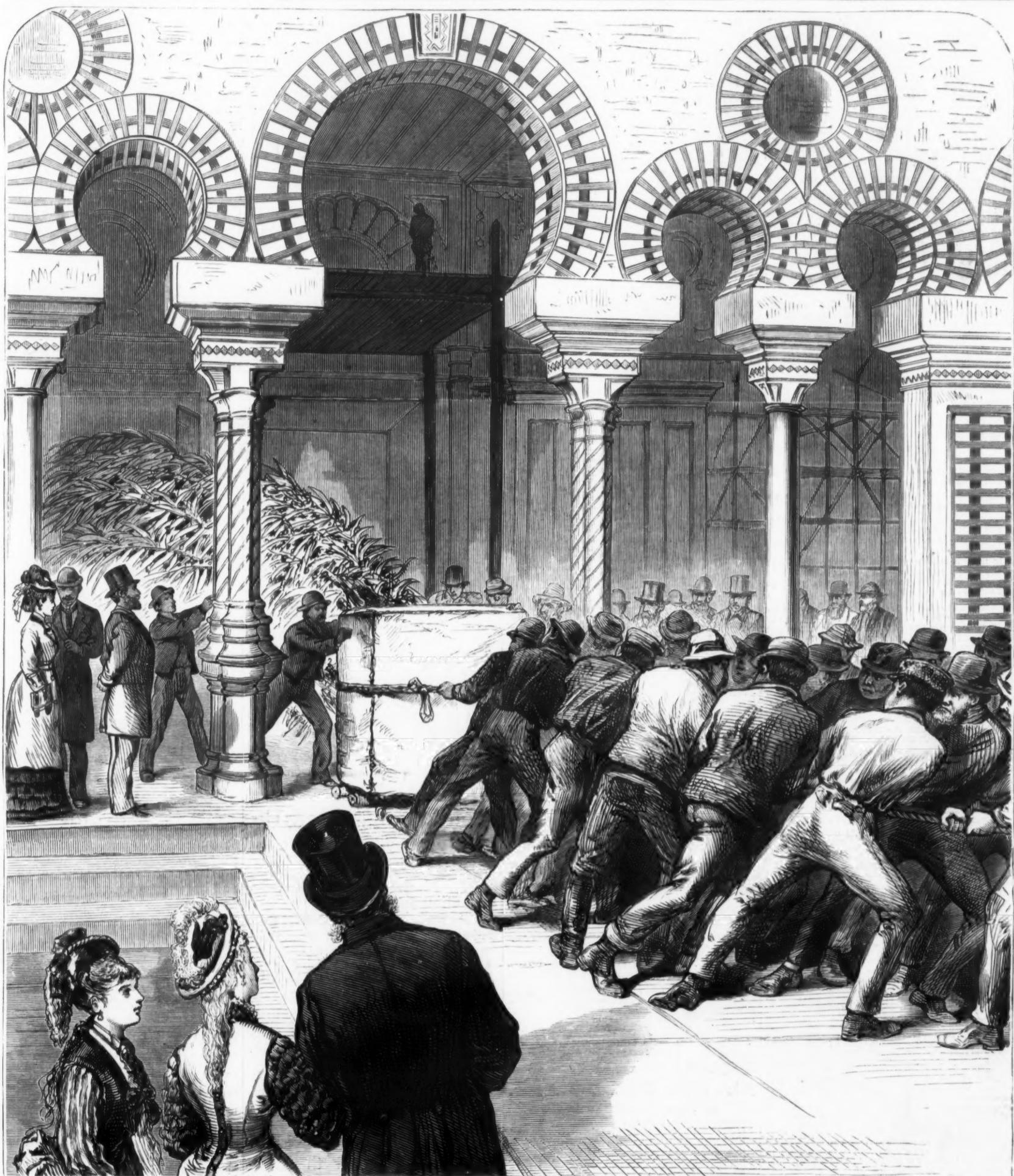
EX-CONGRESSMAN JOHN G. SMITH, of Ohio, accepted the position of Commissioner of Indian Affairs last week, and went to work promptly. He was born in Warren County, O., on the 5th of November, 1824. He received his education at the common schools, and all his life has been engaged as a farmer. He has, however, occasionally appeared in the political arena. He served in the State Senate in 1860-61, and again in 1872-73, while in 1862 and 1863 he was a member of the lower house of the Legislature.



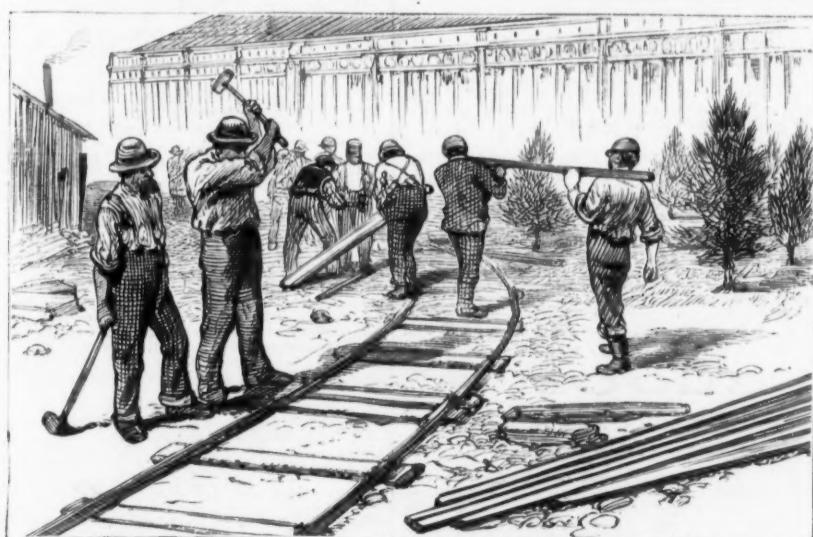
THE ENGLISH COAST.—THE STEAMER "DEUTSCHLAND," OF THE NORTH-GERMAN LLOYDS, WRECKED ON THE KENTISH KNOCK SANDS, DECEMBER 6TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FLACK.—SEE PAGE 255.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CAR-DRIVERS' COFFEE-ROOM, CORNER OF SEVENTH AVENUE AND FIFTIETH STREET, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.—SEE PAGE 254.



ARRIVAL OF A LARGE SPECIMEN OF THE "PHENIX SYLVESTRIS," OR EAST INDIAN WILD DATE PALM, AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY HARRY OGDEN.



BUILDING THE CIRCULAR RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.



PLANTING EVERGREENS IN FRONT OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

SCENES AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS, FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—SEE PAGE 256.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

DULL, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang, the breath is offensive, smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, mental depression, hacking cough, and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are, however, likely to be present in any one case. There is no disease more common than Catarrh, and none less understood by physicians.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY
is, beyond all comparison, the best preparation for Catarrh ever discovered. Under the influence of its mild, soothing, and healing properties, the disease soon yields. The Golden Medical Discovery should be taken to correct the blood, which is always at fault, and to act specifically upon the diseased glands and lining membrane of the nose. The Catarrh Remedy should be applied *warm* with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche—the only instrument by which fluids can be perfectly injected to all the passages and chambers of the nose from which discharges proceed.

These medicines are sold by Druggists.

FUN.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—The Porto and its promises to pay.

Woman's work in the church—Scrubbing the floors and dusting the cushions.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it is divided?—Water.

CHANGE of name (suggested for the new Directors)—The Emma Mine—The Dil-Emma Mine.

The most appropriate song for a minor key—“My Lodging is on the coa'd, coa'd ground.”

SEAMANLY NOT.—A sailor on board a brig is not necessarily a robber because he's a brig'and.

SHREWD NEWSPR.—“W'y 'ave I such black 'ands? If you wants to do well, always 'ave dirty black 'ands, and then the swells don't like a takin' five cents change.”

If there is anything calculated to make even a man of the most rugged constitution nervous, it is to have two or three children standing around eating bread and jam when he has a new black suit on.

SMITH (who has kindly been sitting in costume for his Irish friend)—“Well, I don't think it much like me!” Irish Artist—“Not like ye! And who wants it like ye? D'y'e think high art is to be troubled by the likes of your ugly face?”

An ingenious contrivance to evade the Maine Liquor Law has been discovered at Bangor. It consists of a barrel within a barrel, furnished with a faucet which, when turned one way supplies sweet cider, and when turned another, supplies lager beer.

HARRY sat at his father's side at a friend's table. Somebody passed him the bread. Harry touched a piece that was dry. So he dropped it, and took another piece. “My son,” said the father, reprovingly, “never touch a bit of bread or cake that you don't mean to take.” Harry ate his bread, and remembered. After a while the cake was passed round, and, when it came to Harry, the little fingers made a quick movement, and hauled off three large slices. “Why, Harry!” cried his father. “Well, papa,” said the boy, gravely, “you told me to take all the pieces I touched, and I touched all these.” “No, no, my son; I said touch only what you mean to take.” “And that's just what I did, papa. I meant to take every one, and I tried for that other big slice with the pile of sugar on it, but I didn't quite get it.” His next lesson in etiquette was given at home.

The Furs of the Season.—A visit to the house, and an investigation of the elegant and comprehensive stock, of Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons, gives us valuable enlightenment in regard to the furs of the season. Again there is an unquestionable demand for Seal-skin, nor is it probable that this will diminish for years to come. Seal-skin saucers are somewhat deeper than they were a year ago, and shaped slightly closer to the figure by the side seams. Muffs are round, lined with heavy brown silk or satin *Grec*, and finished plain or trimmed with bows of embroidered ribbon. Boas are flat, from one and a half to two yards in length, and trimmed with rich *passementerie* tassels. Sets of Seal-skin range in price from \$28 to \$300. Of the more costly staple furs, Russian Sable takes its deserved pre-eminence. A set consists usually of a muff and boa—ranging in price from \$200 for those of the lighter shades of color, to \$700 for the fine medium grades, and up to \$1200 for the rich, dark varieties, called the “Crown Russian Sable.” Sets of Hudson's Bay Sable sell at from \$175 to \$300, according to the color and quality. Black Marion, or Alaska Sable, still retains its popularity. Sets of muff and boa sell at from \$15 to \$25, according to quality, and bordering at from \$1 to \$4.00 per yard. Of the Fancy Furs, those of the Black, Silver, Blue and White Foxes, and that of the Chinchilla, are of chiefest consideration. Sets of muff and boa of Black Fox sell at from \$200 to \$300, and are next in richness to Russian Sable. Sets of Silver Fox sell at from \$70 to \$200, according to quality, and bordering at from \$10 to \$16 per yard. Sets of Chinchilla sell at from \$60 to \$125, and bordering at from \$8 to \$15 per yard. White Fox and Ermine Furs are the principal in use for evening wear. For bordering, among the cheaper furs there are hats, handbags, trimmings presented in Silver Coon, Silver Coney, Musk Rat, and other American animals. A specialty of the season is seen in the circums and other forms of silk and cashmere wraps, lined with squirrel lock.

We Ask Particular Attention to the advertisement of Messrs. George W. Read & Co., manufacturers and dealers in Hard Wood Lumber, Fancy Woods and Veneers, which appears in another column. They are among the heaviest dealers in their line in the world, and their place, No. 186 to 200 Lewis Street, foot 5th and 6th Streets, East River, New York city, contains the largest and best assortment and variety of fancy woods in the country. They have them in every shape, from logs to veneers; they also furnish for amateur use all the different fancy woods for carving and engraving, planed and prepared for the artist. They fill another want of the amateur wood-workers, and have for sale a series of three books, containing nearly 300 Fret Saw Patterns, and filled with innumerable designs for picture-frames, brackets of every style, wall pockets, book racks, ladies' workboxes, watch holders, thermometer stands, fruit baskets, table platters, and an infinite variety of other work, which is the only collection ever issued in this form in America. Amateurs and professionals will find this work exceedingly desirable, and wood-workers generally will be glad to learn where they can get everything they want at reasonable prices.

The Latest Novelty for the Youngsters, Creedmoor Air Pistols, are having a very extensive circulation, and deservedly so, for a toy affording anything like the amount of real fun to be derived from this one, we do not know. We have provided ourselves with a large supply for distribution with our holiday gifts to lucky drawers, and those not holding lucky numbers have only to inclose 25 cents to the manufacturer, O. A. Murphy, 66 Fulton Street, and receive one by return mail.

A Neglected Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, which might be checked by a simple remedy, like “Brown's Bronchial Troches,” if allowed to progress may terminate seriously.

Dressmaking Made Easy.—By the use of our Patterns, which may be selected from our Winter Supplement now ready for distribution, including late and fashionable designs, in addition to those represented in our Fall Catalogue for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wardrobes. Send for Catalogue and Supplement, which can be obtained by inclosing a three-cent postage stamp to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERNS' DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway N. Y. All orders for patterns must be sent to the same address.

Special Notice.—Muscular or Nervous debility, indiscretions of youth or manhood, radically and permanently cured by Dr. L. J. KAHN, M.D., principal and proprietor of Dr. Kahn's magnificent Museum of Art and Science, 688 Broadway. Residence, 51 East Tenth Street, between Broadway and University Place, New York. Hours of consultation from 10 A.M. till 2 P.M., and from 6 till 8 P.M., by appointment.

F. J. Nash, 781 Broadway, New York, manufacturer of Solid Gold Jewelry of every description. The stock is very choice, and is offered at retail at trade prices to keep our workmen going. Real bargains in Fine Diamonds, Ladies' and Gent's Solid Gold Hunting Watches, of the best makers, and Chains of the latest styles. Bills under \$15, P.O. order in advance. Over \$15, C. O. B., privilege to examine. Catalogues free.

Russia fine Card and Currency Case, value 50 cts., mailed on receipt of 10 cts. (Send stamp.) Address, BROWN BROS., 82 Douglas St., Brooklyn.

Tasteless Medicines.—Of the many methods devised to overcome the nauseous taste of some medicines, such as Tar, Turpentine, Extract Male Fern, and even of Castor and Cod Liver Oils, none have as yet equalled that of Capsules, they having numerous advantages over all other forms; and of the Capsules that have fallen under our observation those made by Dundas, Dick & Co., of this city, are the best. They are easily swallowed, even by children, being soft; contain genuine medicines, and may be relied on.”—*Sanitarian*.

New, Wonderful and true; try them. Dr. J. H. McLean's Cough and Lung-healing Glandules for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, etc. Trial box, 25 cents, sent by mail. Trial samples free at Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100.

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A Japanese Handkerchief; great curiosity; sent free to any address on receipt of stamp; \$2 for 25 cents. HILLYER & FOLLETT, 306 Broadway, N. Y.

The Rule of “No Cure No Pay.”—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only 100 surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Rupture, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice, are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, N. Y. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Cards, the Matrimonial Programme, 1 Pack Transparent Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Raymonde Cards, 1 Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in 1 Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. Box 3676, P. O.

Sufferers from Nervous Disorders, who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a Simple Cure by addressing, Box 2296, New York.

The Centennial Year

Opens with a Grand Centennial Concert at Fort Scott, Kansas, January 1st, 1876. Tickets, \$2. First Prize, Davidson's Opera House, worth \$50.00; Second Prize, \$20.00, and 7,686 prizes from \$5.00 down. The enterprise is indorsed by the best citizens of the State and is the most liberal ever offered to the public.

For particulars, address,

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WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

A certain and speedy cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS, etc., thoroughly tested for 30 years with perfect success. TWO to SIX Boxes are generally sufficient to effect a radical cure. For further information, etc., SEND FOR CIRCULAR. \$1 per box; six boxes \$6, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions for use. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 2430.

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist, & general out door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

SKIN DISEASES. A CURE GUARANTEED. State your case, and send with 25 cts. to DR. VAN DYKE, 1321 Green Street, Philadelphia.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Ten Pieces of Elegant Sheet Music.

Far O'er the Waves. Song..... Henry Maylath. Lay Me Where My Mother's Sleeping..... Clark. High Life. Waltz..... Strauss. Down where the Violets Grow..... S. & D. Western. New World Galop. 4-hand p. cee..... Strauss. Girofle. Girofle Waltz. Celebrated Punch Song. Piano Solo.

Girofle Girofle Waltz. Air for band of 10 instruments. When Old Hickory Jackson Had His Day..... S. & D. Western.

There's a Letter in the Candle..... Coote. The Lily of Killarney..... Jules Benedict's Opera.

The above will be sent by Mail (post paid) on receipt of price, or can be ordered through any newsdealer.

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Keep constantly on hand everything pertaining to the

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240, 242 and 244 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The undersigned are open to purchase any quantity of the above class of IVORY. Offers must state price per cwt. Address, GEO. JUBBER,

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Liverpool, England.

New York reference, FRANK LESLIE, 637 Pearl Street.

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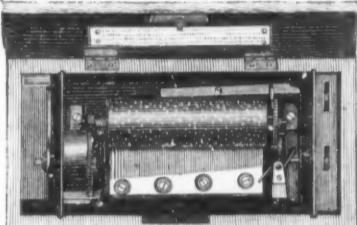
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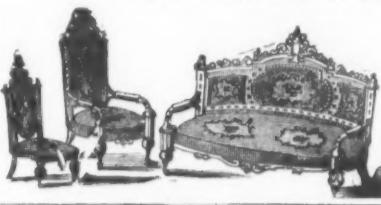
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|------------------------------|-----------|
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| | |
|--|----------|
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